



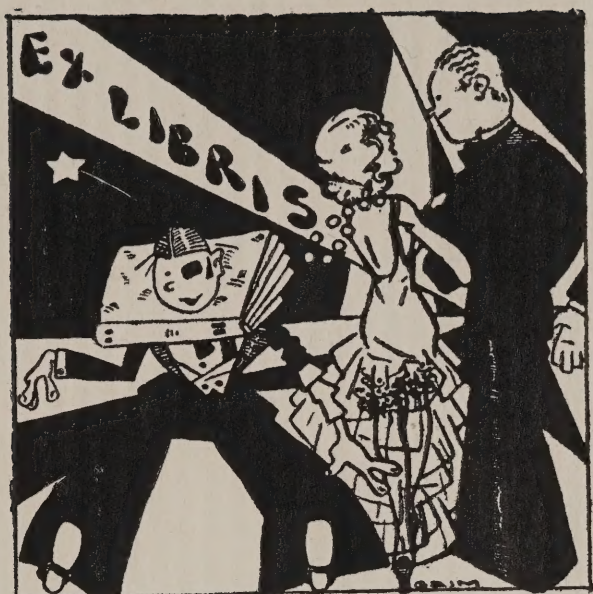
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**THE
HANDLIAN**



1930



The Handley Library

THE HANDLIAN

VOLUME IX



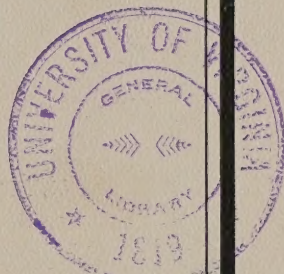
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THE SENIOR CLASS



JOHN HANDLEY HIGH SCHOOL

WINCHESTER, VA.



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VIEWS
FACULTY
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ACTIVITIES
ATHLETICS
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ADVERTISEMENTS

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FOREWORD



In this volume of the Handlian, we have attempted to embody the memories of our school days at Handley. We hope that it will serve to remind you of the happy years we have spent, and of the friendships formed in our Alma Mater.

DEDICATION



In deep gratitude and appreciation

We dedicate this book

To our principal,

Garland R. Quarles



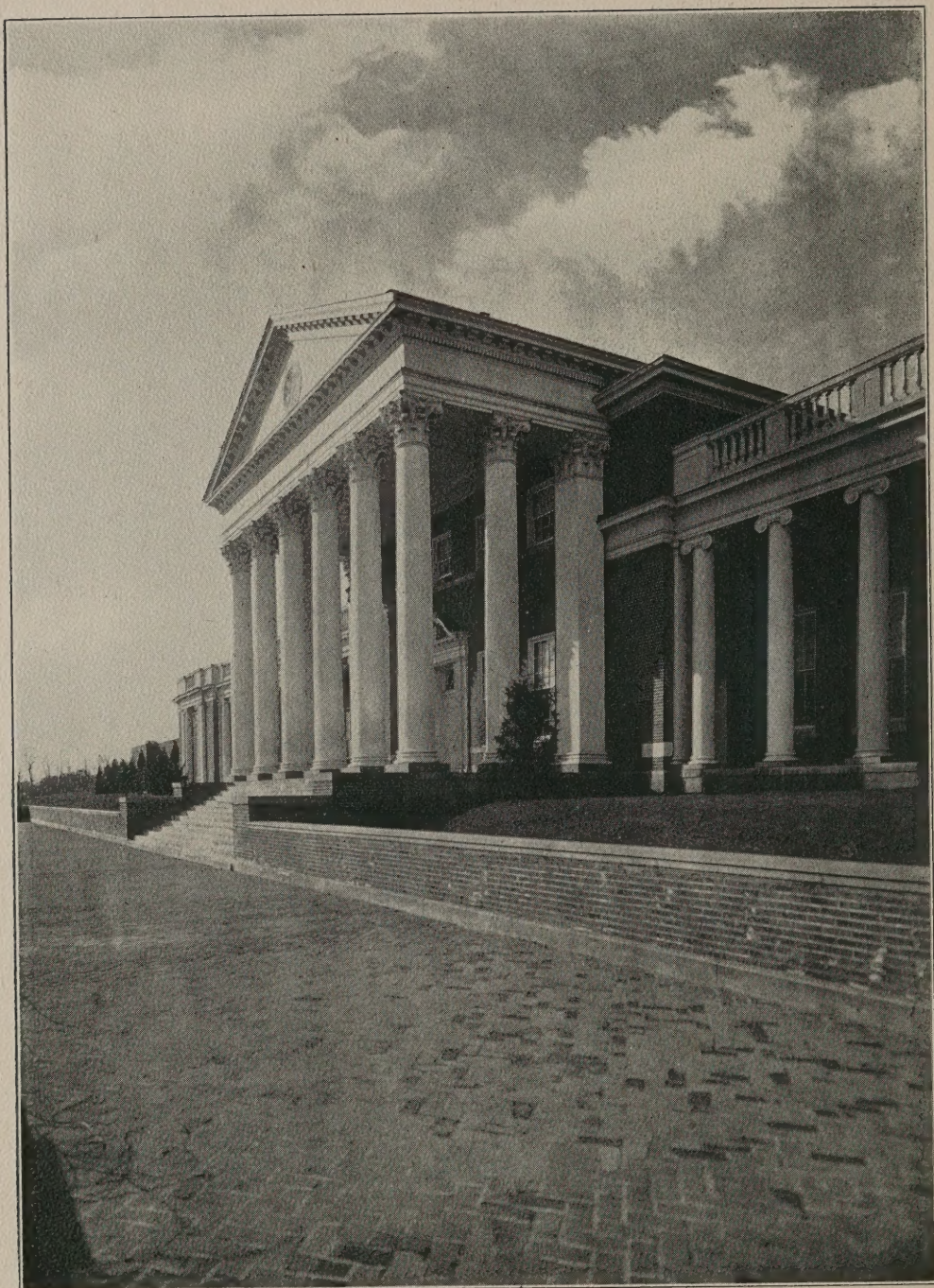
Garland R. Quarles



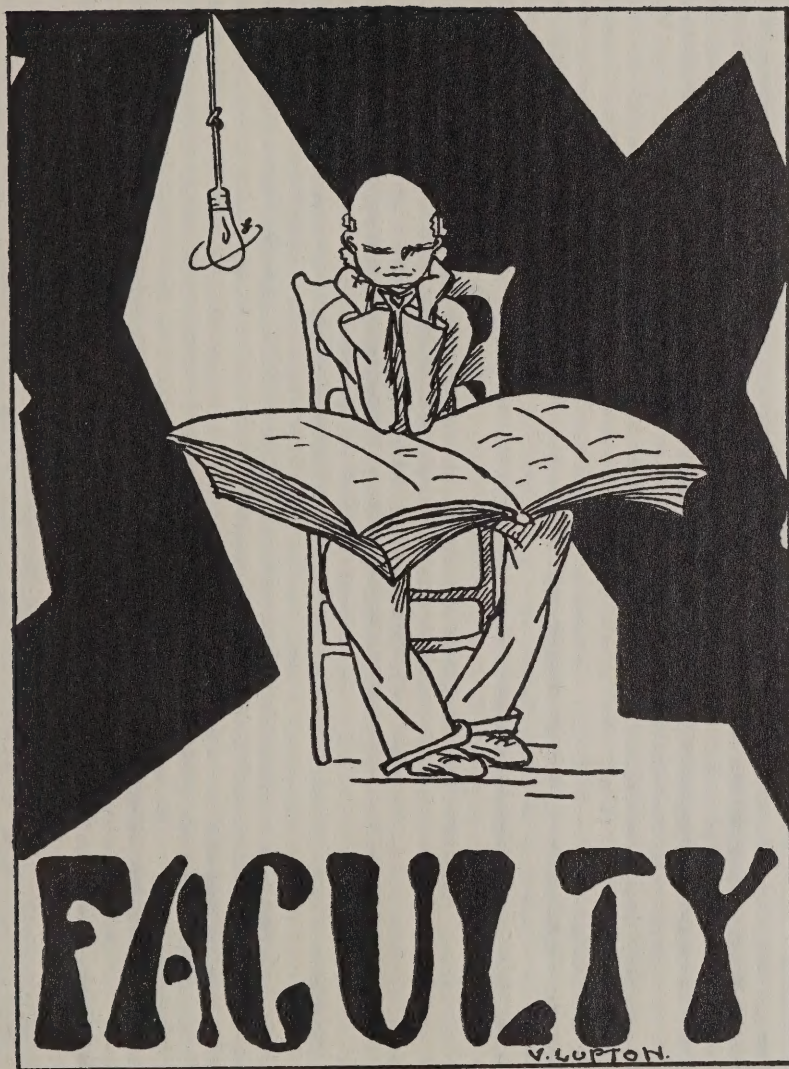
The School



The Loggia



The Main Entrance





H. S. DUFFEY
SUPT.



G. R. QUARLES
PRINCIPAL



B. L. GORKEY
ASST. PRINCIPAL



MARY J. GRAY
ENGLISH



EDWARD P. BROWNING
ENGLISH



MILDRED L. GROVE
ENGLISH



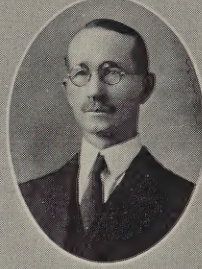
EDITH CORNWELL
ENGLISH



M. OPAL ROBINSON
MATH



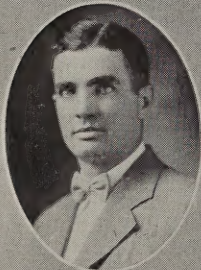
MARY NICOL
COMMERCIAL



ROBERT L. STICKEL
MATH



SUSAN SAULSBURY
COMMERCIAL



WITHROW R. LEGGE
HORTICULTURE



LOUELLE POTTS
HOME ECONOMICS



RUTH BEERY
HOME ECONOMICS



LUTHER S. HALE
SCIENCE



GERTRUDE R. PEERY - LATIN



MARIAN LAUGHTON
FRENCH



VIRGINIA BOYD
PHYS. ED.



OTIS SARGENT - PHYS. ED.



CLARA BEERY
HISTORY



JOHN N.G. FINLEY
HISTORY



LENA PAYNE
HISTORY



VIRGINIA BARR
HISTORY



VIRGINIA SILVER
TYPEWRITING



JAMES B. YATES
MANUAL TRAINING



JOHN PARSONS
MANUAL TRAINING



KATHERINE PANNILL
ART



MARGARET SAUNDERS
ENGLISH



ELMA HANGAN
MUSIC



WILLIAM H. McILWEE
MUSIC



EDNA HOLLAND
DIETICIAN



MARY McFADDEN
SCHOOL NURSE



EDITH LIGHT
MATH



D. TILLER
COMMERCIAL



KATHERINE BARNETT - SECRETARY



ELIZABETH SMITH
SECRETARY

HANDLIAN '30



MR. JOHN NORVILLE GIBSON
FINLEY

MISS VIRGINIA HUNTER BOYD

IN THE SEPTEMBER of our Junior year, Mr. Finley came, we saw, and he conquered! At the first class meeting that year, we voted, and lo! he was unanimously elected male sponsor of the class. Since then, he has proved to be utterly indispensable, and now, we can hardly remember, and certainly cannot imagine, our class without its "Mister Finley," hovering over it, explaining, advising, arguing, agreeing, joking, and joining in all its activities. Our esteem for him has grown, and grown, until finally, we have reached a peculiar point. Two years ago, we were wordless when it came to describing our appreciation of him, and now, if there were any words, they would be useless. We can only be silent, and know that true to himself, he will understand (without our futile language) what he has meant to us.

IT ALL BEGAN with the daisy chain in the June of our Junior year, the first task that we, as a class, had to tackle. Miss Boyd made seven-eighths of that night mare, and we—but why embarrass ourselves? After that, came Class Day, the Bonfire, and the Junior prom; while this year, there have been the Valentine Party, the Senior play, the HANDLIAN, and, of course, good old Graduation! Through all this, Miss Boyd has slaved, suggested, created, fought, and sympathized; and now, when the time has arrived for us to express our love and appreciation through words, we discover that, without her here to help us, there are no words, and that finally, in desperation, we must throw ourselves at your mercy, gentle reader, and pray that you will believe us anyhow!



HANDLIAN '30



President

MELVIN ECKLEY

Vice-President

ANNE TUCKER MCGUIRE

Secretary

VIVIAN HOLLIS

Treasurer

HARRY HAMMOND

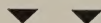


Class Colors

BLUE AND GOLD

Class Flower

YELLOW ROSE

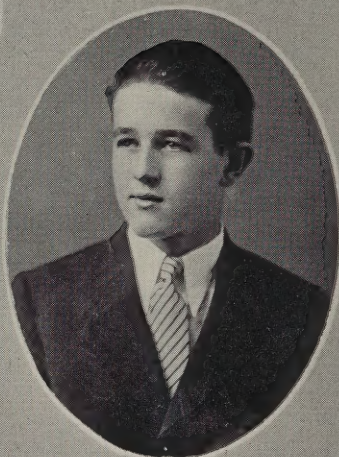


Motto

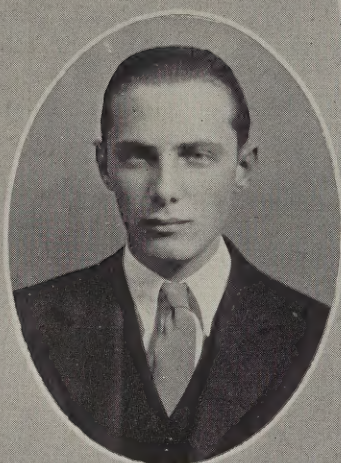
"DEEDS NOT WORDS"



MARY F. RITTER
VALEDICTORIAN



GEORGE HAWSE
TESTATOR



EDWARD KOONS
SALUTATORIAN



ANNET. Mc GUIRE
PROPHET



CATHERINE McVICAR - HISTORIAN



VIRGINIA LUPTON - POET

HANDLIAN

'30



JAMES CARLIN ANDERSON

We're studying our algebra and—
 (Jim's across the aisle.)
 X equals 2, and y is 4, which—
 (What a precious smile!)
 Which makes the answer 10, except that—
 (He's the biggest goose!)
 That 2 and 4 make 6—not five—so—
 Hang it, what's the use?

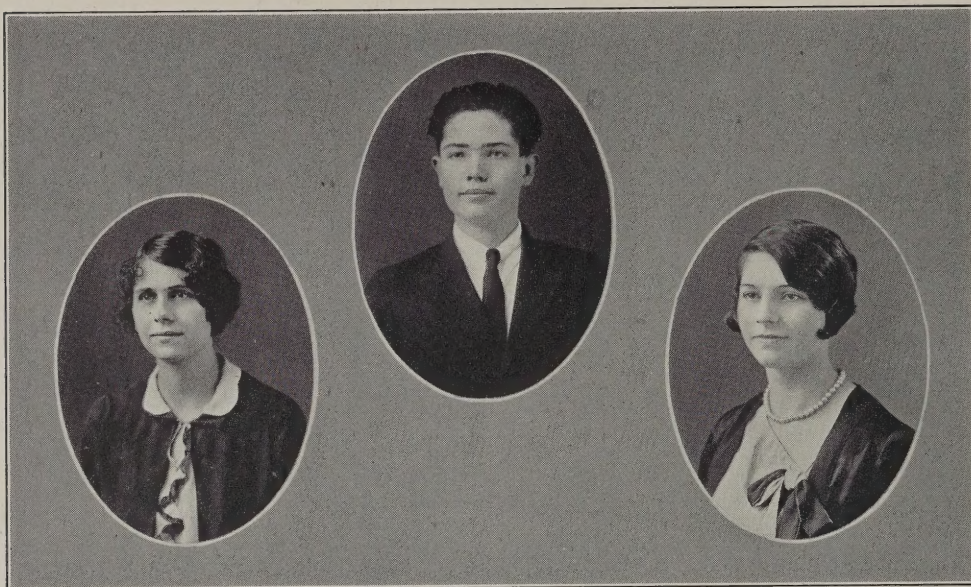
ADA GLASS BAKER

Named: Baker
 Called: Ada Glass
 Usually seen: Sincere
 Feature her: Gold-digging
 Usually utters: "Great Caesar's
 Ghost!"
 Will be: A missionary.

MARGARET SELINA ANDERSON

Named: Anderson
 Called: "Margie"
 Usually seen: In love
 Feature her: Manless
 Usually utters: "Oh, yeah!"
 Will be: Living on pawned frat pins.

HANDLHAM '30



PERRY JACKSON ALBIN

Named: Albin
Called: Jackson
Usually seen: Dreaming
Feature him: Being bothered
Usually utters: Naught
Will be: An artist.

EVELYN MARGARET BARRETT

There was a little girl, who had a little
 curl
 On each side of her face;
 When she was good, she was very, very
 good.
 But when she was bad—Heaven help
 me!
 (This is blank verse.)
 She wasn't bad!

MARGARET LELIAH BAYLISS

Named: Bayliss
Called: Margaret
Usually seen: Alert
Feature her: Being impossible
Usually utters: "So help me, Hercules!"
Will be: A teacher.

HANDLIAN '30



RICHARD LEWIS BROMLEY

Named: Bromley
Called: Richard
Usually seen: Meditating
Feature him: All a-twitter
Usually utters: Nothing
Will be: A genius.

HELENE ELIZABETH CARPENTER

Within the dark recesses of your eyes,
 it glows,
 And shapes your ruddy mouth into its
 mold;
 It fashions every word which from your
 sweet tongue flows,
 And filling all your presence with its
 grace,
 It makes the world a better, happier
 place;
 For sympathy surpasses finest gold.

CHARLOTTE SELENE CALVERT

As a bevy of beautiful boys
 Were chatting with peace and with
 poise,
 A maid minced past them all;
 In a flash, the peace became strife,
 Which, thus, caused the poise its life.
 Oh Selene, stay out of the hall!

HANDLEY '30



HENRY CLAY BARKLEY

He's worse than cruel Bluebeard,
With his frightened female band;
He's worse than bold Mark Antony
Who played with Cleo's hand;
He's worse than Arabee's wild sheik
Who led the girls a life;
He's Barkley, loved by Handley maids,
And blamed for all their strife.

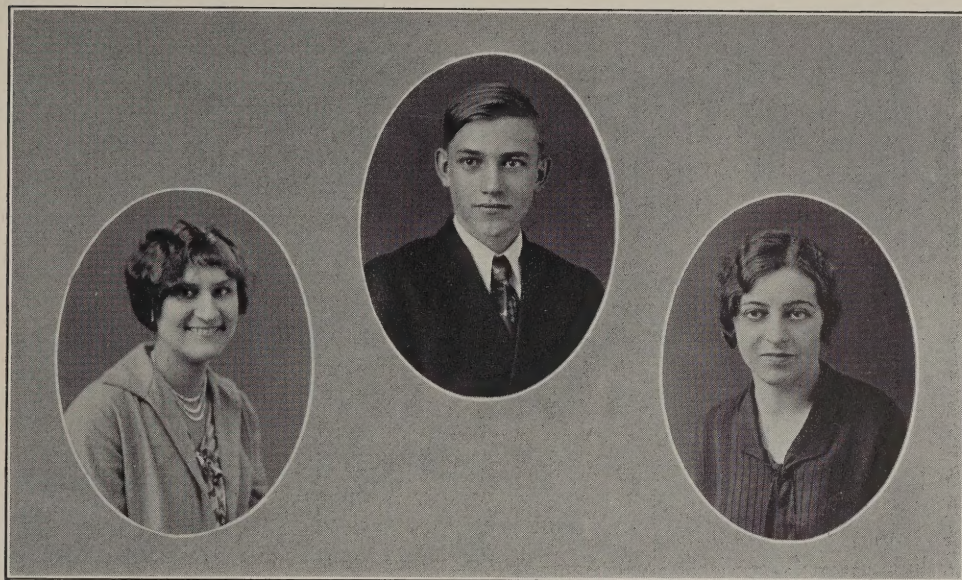
MATTIE BOUNDURANT CLARK

Named: Clark
Called: Mattie
Usually seen: Bubbling over
Feature her: Deaf and dumb
Usually utters: Gurgles
Will be: Adored.

WINIFRED YETIVE CLOUSER

Click, click! Winnie's fingers tapping
keys a-tapping.
Click, click! Winnie's spike heels cement
walk a-clapping.
Click, click! Winnie's nails on office door
a-rapping.
Click, click! Winnie's busy Beechnut
was a-snapping.

HANDLHAM '30



DAVID MERRILL BOWMAN

Named: Bowman
Called: "Dave"
Usually seen: Absent
Feature him: Fresh
Usually utters: An intelligent remark
Will be: A success.

SARA JOSEPHINE COOPER

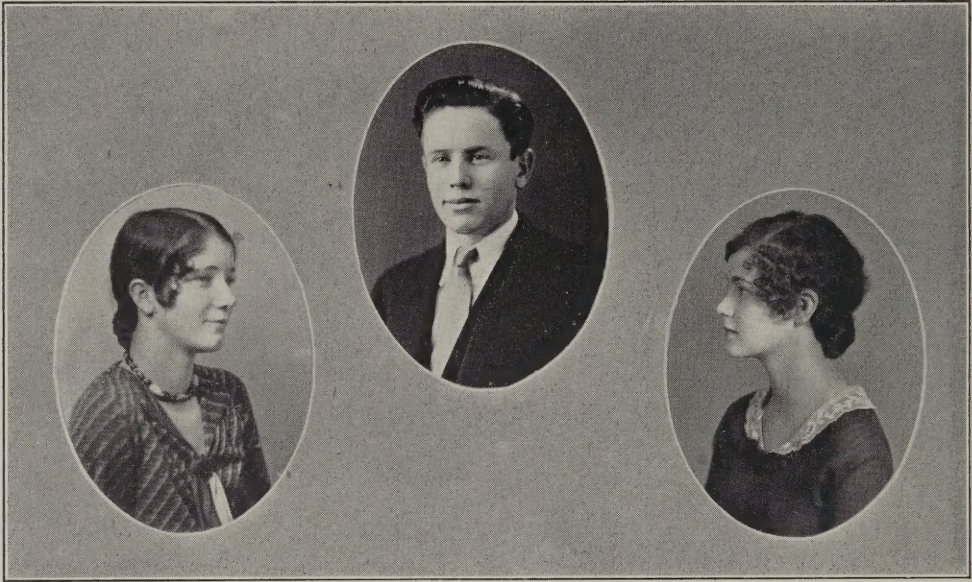
Named: Cooper
Called: Josephine
Usually seen: Grinning
Feature her: Gnashing her teeth in
 rage
Usually utters: "Oh, my gracious!"
Will be: Happy.

MARY PARKE COLSTON

Here's to the independent girl
 Who's not afraid to fool;
 She doesn't give a hang about
 The nated tardy rule;
 And every day, from 3 to 4,
 She grins, and stays in school.

HANDLHAM

'30



MELVIN CARL ECKLEY

The angels gave you that golden hair
 To make you a pretty boy;
 The devils gave you those bold, blue eyes,
 To keep the coquettes coy;
 But where did you get that dose of charm
 For all of us to enjoy?

MARY RUTH DeWITT

— — can we blame you?
 Who could better love and tame you,
 Pour your coffee, and, when thru,
 Ask you sweetly, "One or two?"
 Mend your trousers, darn your socks,
 Each nite help you wind the clocks,
 Keep you in domestic bliss?
 Ruthie, only, can do this.

ANNE MARGARET EUTSLER

The angels crave her purity;
 The devils crave her wit;
 We mortals would be quite content
 If we could have her "IT".

HANDLIAN '30



CLARENCE WILLIAM GOODE

Named: Goode
Called: Willie
Usually seen: Hovering about Gladys
Feature him: Waxing indifferent
Usually utters: Some sweet nothing
Will be: A General.

MARY HATHAWAY FANT

A genius at writing and painting, you
 say,
 But also a genius in one rarer way;
 For what other genius possesses the art
 To still be a genius and not act the part?

EULA MAE FLETCHER

Named: Fletcher
Called: Eula
Usually seen: Sympathizing
Feature her: Self-centered
Usually utters: "S'very humding-
 ish!"
Will be: Dorothy Dix's successor.

HANDICAP '30



RICHARD EDWARD GRIFFITH

Ah me, the time has come when we must pay
For all the knowledge that we sadly lack;
For soon you'll pass this grade, and go away,
Which means we'll have to buy an almanac.

MAE FRANCES FLETCHER

Named: Fletcher
Called: May
Usually seen: Listening
Feature her: Monopolizing the conversation
Will be: A kindergarten teacher.

HELEN VIRGINIA FUGITT

As steadfast as a heavenly star,
You're with us day by day;
And yet, we never know how far
A star may be away.

HANDLIM '30



WILLIAM OLIVER GROVE

Named: Grove
Called: "Bill"
Usually seen: Wanted
Feature him: Refusing
Usually utters: "Well, I can't help it, canna?"
Will be: A preacher.

ETHEL SMITH HARPER

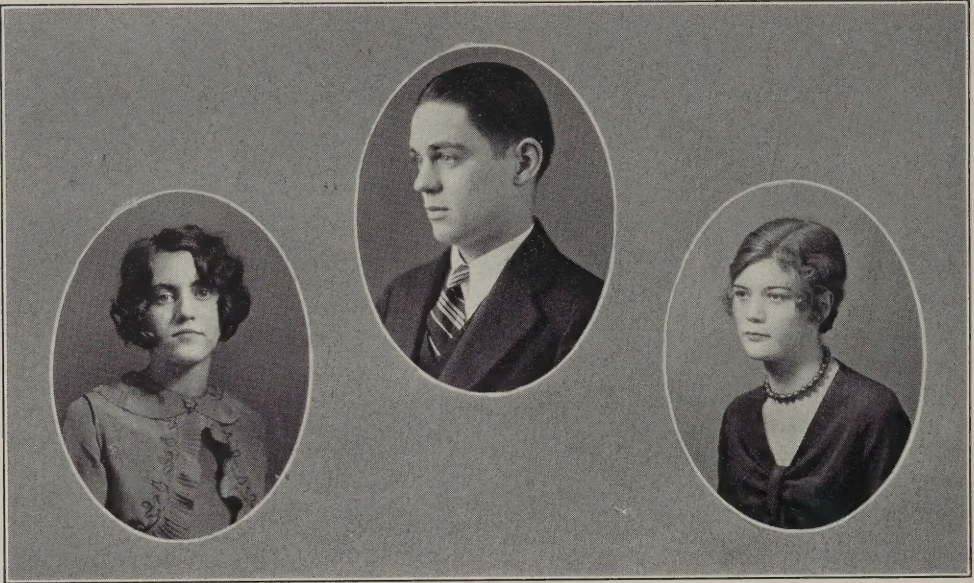
Named: Harper
Called: Ethel
Usually seen: Concentrating
Feature her: Up in the clouds
Usually utters: "It's dum'."
Will be: Pecking an Underwood.

SYLVIA DOUGLAS GRIM

Like Shakespeare, we too, wonder who
 This Sylvia can be;
 Before her wondrous drawings man
 Falls down on bended knee;
 And to her sunny nature, goddesses
 Desire the key.

HANDLIAN

'30



HARRY MORTON HAMMOND

Here lies a laddie, upward flown,
Because his trusty baritone
Was needed on the Golden Stair
While Gabriel's Horn was in repair;
But when the Horn came back, renewed,
The baritone was there for good.

GERTRUDE VIVIAN HERSHBERGER

Should all the world against her turn,
Her house, and barn, and hen house
burn,
And cast her out for evermore,
To beg each day from door to door,
She'd laugh, and shout for all her worth,
"Look what you left—my sense of
mirth!"

VIVIAN ESTELLE HOLLIS

Some students saw a girl pass nigh,
And from them sprang a startled cry:
"Look, look," said they, "The myths
don't lie!"
For hadn't Venus just gone by?

HANDLIDAY

'30



HOLMES DOUGLAS HARPER

Named: Harper
Called: Holmes
Usually seen: Shining in Math.
Feature him: Unable to find
Usually utters: "Um-hm."
Will be: A math. prof.

MILDRED ELIZABETH HOGAN

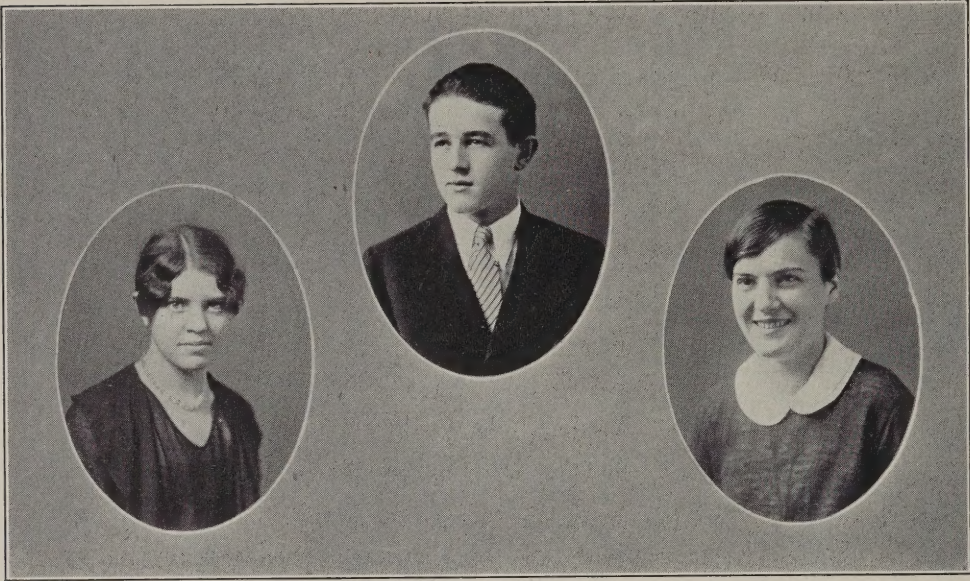
Named: Hogan
Called: "Libby"
Usually seen: Standing up straight
Feature her: Unkempt
Usually utters: "Ye gods!"
Will be: Holding heads (or hands)
 in a hospital.

VIRGINIA ANN HUNTSBERRY

A button black on dress of red
 To change the whole effect;
 A cherry crowning white ice cream
 To show that it's select;
 A dash of scarlet on the cheek
 To brighten up the face;
 A Ginny Ann in any school
 To pep the worthy place!

HANDLIAN

'30



GEORGE WILLIAM HAWSE

Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie,
Kissed no girls, thus made them cry;
For it was hard for girls with taste
To see sweet Georgie go to waste.

EDITH REBECCA JONES

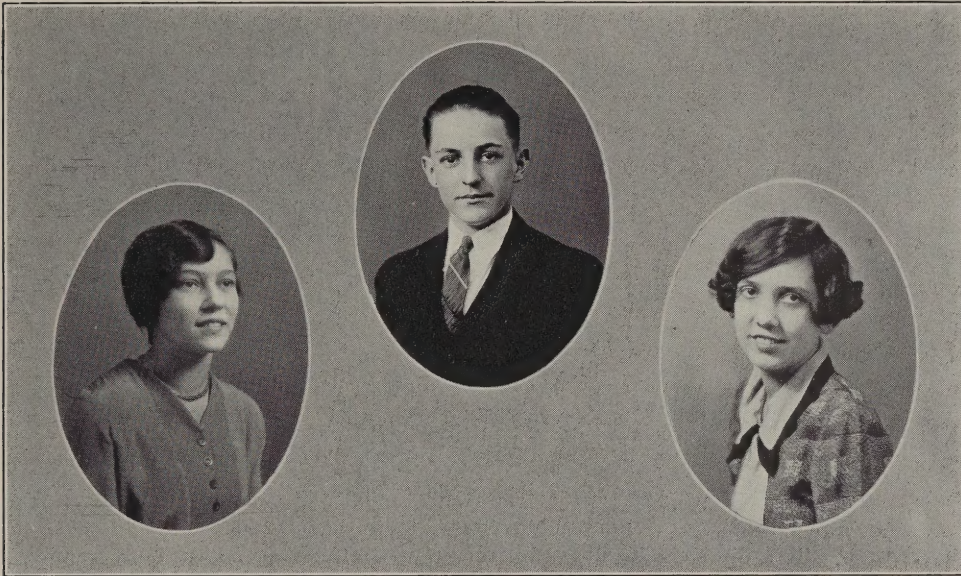
Here lie the bones
Of Edith Jones,
Who graces well the skies;
But she, we've found,
Prefers the ground,
Until sweet Campbell dies.

EMILY STEPHENSON LIGHT

Named: Light
Called: Emily
Usually seen: All pepped up
Feature her: Dignified
Usually utters: "Cheer practice to-
day!"
Will be: A model for Minute Tapi-
oca ads.

HANDICAP

'30



DAVID ROBERT HESS

The David that we knew of old
Was never with his sling more bold
Than David Hess, who slays temptation
With his weapon, concentration.

VIRGINIA NOEL LUPTON

For every little lamp that glows,
A light must do the glowing;
For every autumn leaf that blows,
A breeze must do the blowing;
For all the best in school that shows,
Virginia does the showing.

VIRGINIA CATHERINE MASON

Named: Mason
Called: Virginia
Usually seen: Chewing the rag
Feature her: Dead
Usually utters: Gasps
Will be: Lila Lee's double.

HANDLIAN '30



WILLIAM STEPHENSON HUYETT, JR.

Ring out, wild heels! Wild heels, ring out!
 Show your owner is about,
 With shoe taps singing,
 Beechnut slinging,
 Ladies to his coat-tails clinging!
 Ring, until there is no doubt

ESTHER EMILY McDONALD

Named: McDonald
Called: Esther
Usually seen: Prepared
Feature her: Breaking a rule
Usually utters: The only correct
 answer.
Will be: The first female president.

ANNE TUCKER McGUIRE

Named: McGuire
Called: Tucker
Usually seen: Blabbering
Feature her: Acting like a white
 woman
Usually utters: No—always utters
Will be: A spinster.

HANDRIAN '30



ROBERT EDGAR KERLIN

There was a young laddie called "Red",
 (Of course not because of his head.)
 He fled from the women,
 And left their hearts brimmin'
 With grief at the thought that he'd fled.

MARY LUELLA McQUAY

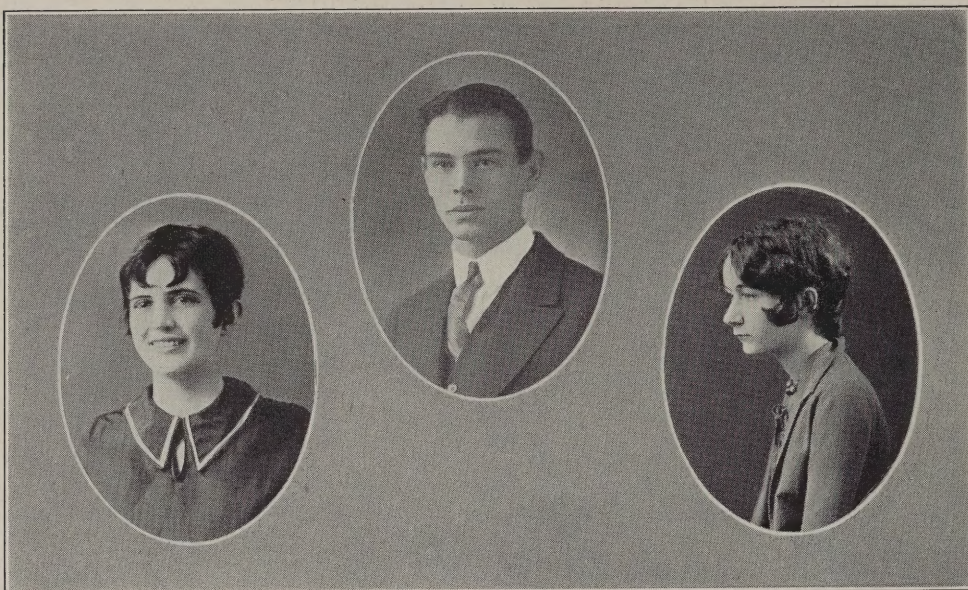
Mary's not a nice girl; Mary's only fine.
 Mary's not a pretty girl; Mary's just
 divine.
 Nobody likes Mary—not even you;
 Everybody loves Mary all the way thru.

CATHERINE BROWN McVICAR

That light divine within your eyes,
 (Which sometimes may deceive.)
 Tells us you're "Little Eva"—
 With a little bit of Eve!

HANDLIDAY

'30



JOHN HOWARD KELLY

Named: Kelly
 Called: Howard
 Usually seen: Marveled at
 Feature him: Usual
 Usually utters: An original remark
 Will be: Who knows?

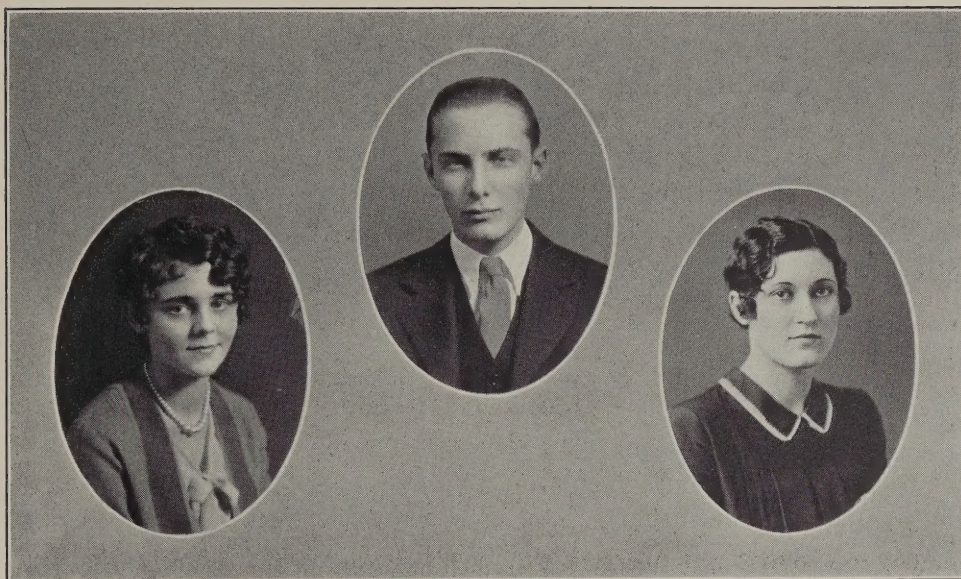
KATHERINE LORENE MORROW

Named: Morrow
 Called: Katherine
 Usually seen: Smiling
 Feature her: Glum
 Usually utters: "Gee, but—"
 Will be: Hubby's little sunbeam.

MARY LILLIAN OAKES

The poets sing of castles in the air,
 But we had ne'er believed such things
 were true,
 Until we found we knew a damsel fair,
 Whose steps fall lightly as the evening
 dew,
 And who, with grace unequalled any-
 where,
 Could dance upon a cloud that decks
 the blue.

HANDLIM '30



EDWARD HADDOX KOONS

Oh, so calm and cool is he,
That, if by some chance, he should see
Good Mr. Hale consuming rum,
Or Mr. Finley cracking gum,
Or Miss Grove playing fast football
With Mr. Quarles in the hall,
He'd stand, unmoved, with ease and grace,
And register The Great Stone Face.

GLADYS LUCILLE PATTON

Named: Patton
Called: Gladys
Usually seen: Innocent
Feature her: Telling a fib
Usually utters: Moans of admiration
Will be: Somebody's "little woman."

VELMA LEE PANNETT

Named: Pannett
Called: Velma
Usually seen: Well-groomed
Feature her: Compact-less
Usually utters: "And how!"
Will be: Elizabeth Arden's competi-
tor.

HANDLIDIAN

'30



JOHN THOMAS KREMER, JR.

Love is a state of perfect content,
 If both the lovers are true;
 And it may be a state of utter lament,
 If both the lovers are thru;
 But why should this precious time be spent,
 On an ancient lover like you?

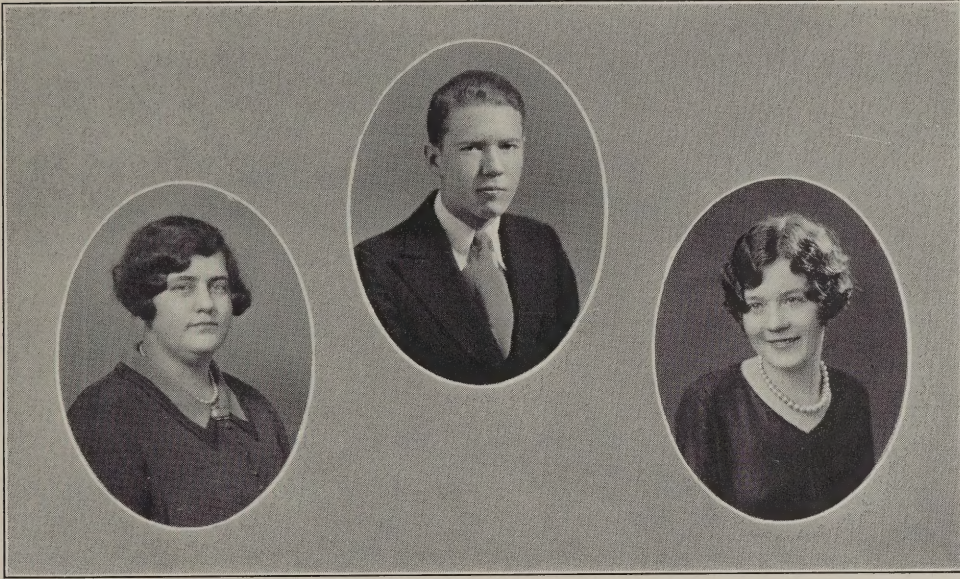
MARY FRANCES RITTER

Without this brilliant-headed lass
 What would have been our fate?
 Who would have helped us all to pass
 The subjects that we hate?
 Who would have knocked into each
 brain
 The things a teacher can't explain?
 Who but our shining mate,
 The valedictorian of our class?

VIRGINIA COVER RUSSELL

Once on a time, there was a princess
 fair,
 Who ruled The Realm of Personality.
 Her subjects came to her from every-
 where,
 And when once there, they nevermore
 were free;
 For, held and bound were they, by chains
 most rare,
 By music drifting from a piano key,
 By laughter rippling 'round them, here
 and there,
 By all that was herself, and e'er would
 be.

HANDLIDIAN '30



GEORGE HAROLD LUCAS

Here lies a senior now in bliss,
Who would have been worse off than this,
Had not he gone to Heaven's door,
And sung as man ne'er sang before,
So that the angels wept for joy,
And cried, "You're here for good, Big Boy!"

DOROTHY LEE SHATZER

She has, and lends, and has some more,
And ne'er can we consume her store
Of pencils, pens, and ink;
She's Santa Claus in female guise,
An answer to our helpless cries
Of "I just didn't think!"

GLADYS LOCKWOOD SARGENT

To her, a molecule of filthy ground
Is just another poem, newly found;
A blade of grass, a leaf upon a tree
Are poems, waiting for the world to see;
Oh, truly, there are poems where e'er
you look,
And life is just a massive poetry book!

HANDICAP

'30



RICHARD PETRIE

Named: Petrie
Called: Richard
Usually seen: Aloof
Feature him: Gossiping
Usually utters: "I dunno"
Will be: A poet.

CORNELIA KATHERINE SUTPHIN

As cute as any 1930 maid,
 Demure as any Plymouth Pilgrim lass;
 As young as any newly sprung grass-
 blade,
 As old as the ancient hills en masse;
 As simple as the fact that day must fade,
 And yet a riddle to the Senior Class.

HETTY REID TURNER

You see her in a crowd,
 And then, she stands alone,
 As gold stands out on velvet, rich and
 dark;
 Then suddenly, aloud,
 You gasp in startled tone,
 "An angel come to earth just for a
 lark!"

HANDLIDIAN

'30



GLADYS VIRGINIA WALKER

Named: Walker
 Called: Gladys
 Usually seen: Primping
 Feature her: Missing glee club
 Usually utters: "Do-re-mi"
 Will be: A prima donna.

RICHARD COE ROSENBERGER

Named: Rosenberger
 Called: "Rosy"
 Usually seen: Worried
 Feature him: Doing anything to worry about.
 Usually utters: The correct time.
 Will be: The world's model time-keeper.

ALBERT MONROE SEAL

Named: Seal
 Called: Albert
 Usually seen: Driving girls home
 Feature him: Being any body's "steady"!
 Usually utters: "That's a good one."
 Will be: An eligible bachelor.

HANDLIM '30



CARRIE FRANCES WRIGHT

Named: Wright
Called: Carrie
Usually seen: Knowing
Feature her: Timid
Usually utters: "Yes, ma'am, but-er-"
Will be: Married,

FORREST TRUMONT SECRIST

Named: Secrist
Called: Forrest
Usually seen: Strong and silent
Feature him: Drunk
Usually utters: Monosyllables.
Will be: Somebody's perfect husband.

JAMES DONALD SHOCKEY

Of course, 'Tis only natural,
 When you make your will, old man,
 That all your worldly goods
 Will go to one Virginia Ann;
 But there is something she won't need
 For which we heave a sigh—
 Just leave us all your good school spirit,
 Then, go on and die!

HANDLMAN '30



JESSIE HORTENSE WHITE

The court without its jester
Would be a frightful mess;
The circus minus clowns,
No fit words can express;
But feature for yourself
The class of '30, Hortenseless!

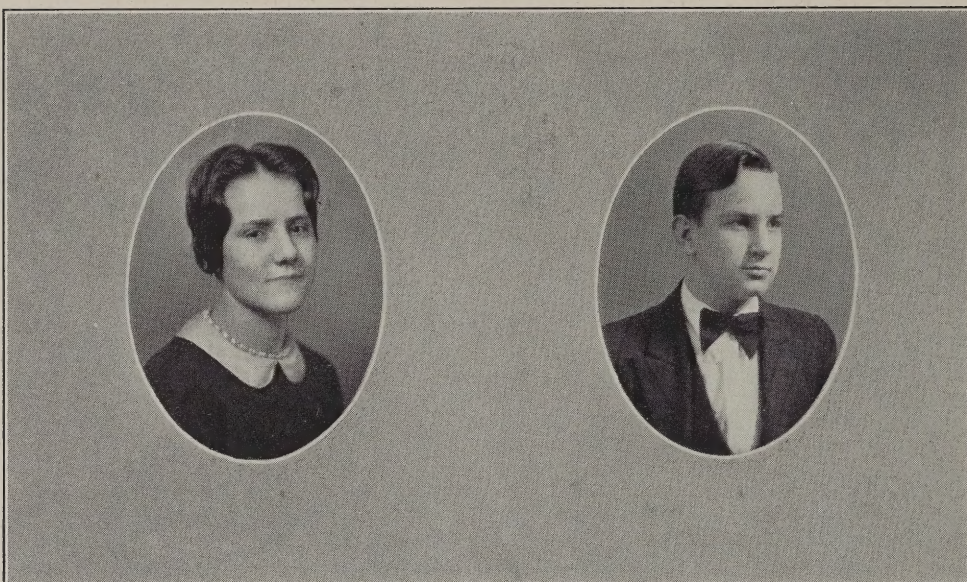
TAYLOR FISHER SIMPSON

Named: Simpson
Called: "Tate"
Usually seen: Flirting
Feature him: Retiring
Usually utters: A hot line
Will be: A bank president.

VERLUS KENNETH SIRBAUGH

A stripling, scantily attired,
A basket ball 'mid air,
A maiden's cry of "get it thru!"
A hasty, breathless prayer,
A burst of joy from the mob,
And "Sirbaugh!!!" everywhere.

HANDLMAN '30



ALICE LOVE EAGLE

Named: Eagle

Called: Alice

Usually seen: Natural

Feature her: Blase'

Usually utters: "We-ell!"

Will be: Unchanging.

KENNETH RAYMOND TRENARY

Named: Trenary

Called: "Kenny"

Usually seen: Posing

Feature him: Subdued

Usually utters: A wise crack

Will be: An actor.





ETHEL



FINNY



BILL



EVELYN



SELENE



DIX



SYLVIA



HARRY



HETTY



TUCKER



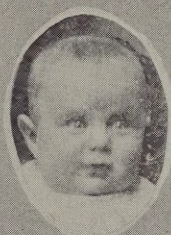
CATHERINE



SINNIE



CARRIE



MELVIN



PEGGY



HAPPY



RUTHIE



JINNY ANN



EMILY



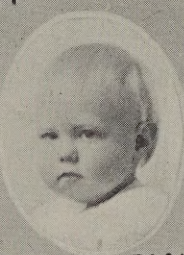
EDDIE



HOLMES



DAVID



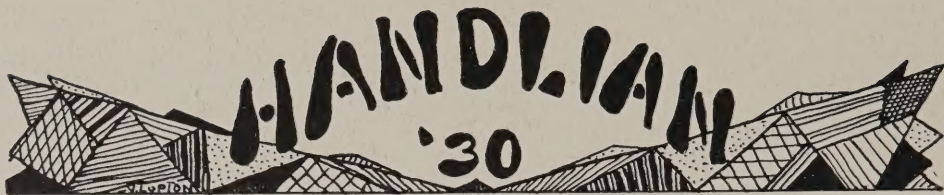
DICK



HELEN



MARGIE



CLASS SONG

TUNE: BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

VERSE I.

We leave you old Handley
And each goes his way,
We'll never forget you
And happy school days.
The many dear friends
We have made while we're here,
Will last in our memory, and hearts
Through the years.

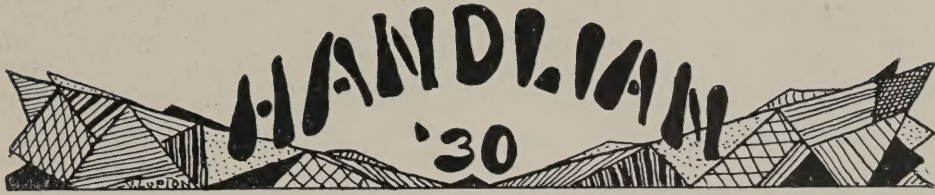
CHORUS:

Farewell to old Handley!
Farewell to old Handley!
We're leaving,
We're going,
Into the wide world.
And when we have conquered,
And established our fame
We'll sing thy praise,
And anthems raise
To thee, Handley Hi!

VERSE II.

Farewell to old Handley,
We bid you goodbye,
We're sorry to leave you,
Dear old Handley Hi!
We've dwelt in your halls
For twelve long years,
And now we are leaving,
With eyes full of tears.

HORTENSE WHITE.



CLASS HISTORY

*"Oh years, gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours, almost of ecstasy."*

PHOEBE CARY.

IT WAS the latter part of September, 1930, that I wandered out to Handley to convince myself that it really would go on without our class, yet there were all of our younger school mates, hustling and bustling, changing classes seeming just the same, but oh! the feeling that I experienced, that lost feeling of being left out with no possible way to ever creep in again.

We had had our fun and now it was over, twelve long, hard, happy, years of it. Remember that first September morning when we started to school, escorted by our mothers, some of us pulling and running ahead anxious to see what it was like, others (mainly those with older brothers and sisters) lagging behind, filled with awe and fear, weeping fishponds full of tears at being left alone in a mob of unknown children?

The newness soon wore off and by our second year we had learned how to contract that terrible disease that develops in the form of an unbearable sore throat or tummy ache early in the morning, but begins to disappear after nine o'clock, and by twelve is completely gone. Oh well, we were not unusual in that, everyone does it.

When the fourth grade had been completed we were politely but firmly shoved out of the dear old John Kerr Building and told to find our way to the "chicken coops," where, for a whole year we studied and played, romping over the foundation of the new school, frequently breaking arms and legs, but what difference did that make? They soon healed.

The next year, our wings having been clipped, we were moved into the new Handley Building. Great was the excitement of finding something different; yet here and there appeared the tear-stained faces of those who had lost their way. This was our first year of changing classes and proudly we marched (we still had to stay in line) from room to room.

The unattainable was finally achieved. We had reached high school! We were given program cards and granted the privilege of attending assembly, that first wonderful experience when we sat in the same room with the high and mighty seniors. That year when the first Apple Blossom Festival was held, it almost seemed to be in honor of our becoming of age.

In the ninth grade our class was brightened by the flaming red head of Mr. Pope, the new English teacher, who created a general uproar among the girls.

The following term we were granted the privilege of electing officers and sponsors, Miss Wooten and Mr. Yates. We chose Melvin Eckley as president and he has made such an excellent one that we have retained him in office ever since by a unanimous vote.

HANDLEY

'30

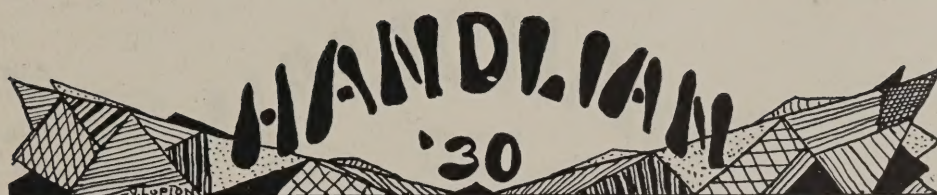
In our Junior year, with Miss Ritter and Mr. Finley as our sponsors, we felt our first tinge of responsibility, since it was our duty to publish the school paper. All through school we have tried to live up to the slogan "Be different," so, with the assistance of Mr. Browning, we changed the old pamphlet, "The Trail Blazer," into a new and attractive booklet. Much to our sorrow Miss Ritter was taken ill during the year and was forced to give up her place as sponsor, and Miss Boyd was chosen unanimously to succeed her. At the end of the year we were to entertain the seniors with a reception, so—our slogan still before us—we persuaded the school board to let us use the gymnasium, something unheard of until then. After many weeks of planning and decorating we gave the seniors a charming Spanish Fiesta that certainly surpassed all that had been given. The next day was Class Day. All morning we toiled to finish the daisy chain, refreshing ourselves with the remnants of the party. That afternoon, Class Day exercises having been held on the esplanade, we took from the shoulders of the seniors the daisy chain, which we bore to the stadium, and finally laid on the ground in the shape of the figure '30.

Then the full meaning of it all dawned upon us. We were seniors now, and on our shoulders was placed the burden of being an example to the rest of the student body, buying rings, publishing an annual, and producing a play. Again we approached the school board. Could we have a party of our own in the gym? With their consent we held a Valentine party, which was such a success that I am sure the ice has been broken for all future classes.

Now that we have received our diplomas and have started into the world, no longer as a class, but each one for himself, we wonder how those whom we have left in the school can go on without us, yet they will go on for there are always minds as bright as ours to take our places, but there is one thing that they can never take from us, and that is the memory of our days together at Handley.

CATHERINE McVICAR.





CLASS WILL

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY, being of shattered nerves, worn-out brains, and any and all other physical and mental undoings from the subjects and faculty of the Handley High School, do hereby declare and proclaim this our last will and testament, revoking all former and future devices pertaining to the disposal of our estate.

The executors of said testament shall consist of HUGH S. DUFFEY, superintendent of the John Handley High School in the city of Winchester in the state of Virginia, GARLAND R. QUARLES, principal of said school, and one member of the janitorial force, to be selected by his co-workers. Said executors shall be required to give bond of not less than twelve months or more than one year.

FIRST: To VIRGINIA H. BOYD and JOHN N. G. FINLEY we bequeath our most sincere appreciation for their excellent sponsorship.

SECOND: We give to the EXECUTIVE COUNCIL the right to appropriate sufficient funds for the installation of a sound-proof class room, in the uttermost corner of the basement, for the use of WILLIAM H. McILLWEE.

THIRD: To EDWARD P. BROWNING we leave the exclusive right to believe in fairies and to assign his English classes not less than three hundred lines of memory work.

FOURTH: To JOHN N. G. FINLEY we leave the sole right to "repudiate" any statement made by any member of his classes. We also ordain that he say or use said word not more than twelve times per hour.

FIFTH: To the "JUDGES" we leave the right to win each and every game of football played with Martinsburg on Thanksgiving day.

SIXTH: To everyone attending said game, regardless of place, we bequeath the right to indulge in not more than five fistic encounters, on the side lines.

SEVENTH: To each and every JANITOR and JANITORESS we give the right to pick up the candy wrappers usually found any and everywhere between the hours of 12:30 P. M. and 1:05 P. M.

EIGHTH: Due to the graduation of one member of the HANDLEY QUARTET and its pianist, we leave LUTHER S. HALE the right to fill said vacancy in the quartet, and to ROBERT L. STICKEL the privilege to act in the capacity of pianist.

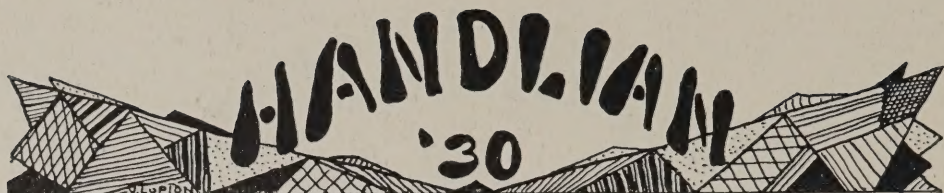
NINTH: To the SCHOOL BOARD we give the right to permit all forthcoming classes to use the gymnasium for dances, the play court for roller skating parties, and, finally, the Esplanade for wading parties.

TENTH: To the entire STUDENT BODY we leave the right to enjoy a Merry Christmas, and to have one and one only holiday between June the thirteenth and September the seventh, inclusive.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the members of the EXCELLENT CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY of the aforesaid school in the before mentioned city, do hereby set our hands and seals this fourth day of March in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1930,

GEORGE W. HAWSE, *Testator.*



CLASS POEM



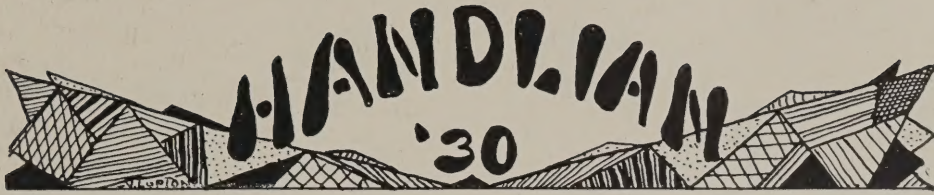
Through many years you've guided us,
And helped us find our way.
Encouraged us when we have failed,
Made brighter every day.

Now, Handley, as we part from you,
Recalling years well spent,
We realize we never knew
How much you really meant.

The least that we can do to show
Our gratitude sincere,
Is give the best that is in us,
With every passing year.

We promise you with tender hearts
That we will strive each day,
To show our gratitude for all
We never can repay.

VIRGINIA LUPTON



CLASS PROPHECY

Braddock St.,
Winchester, Virginia
February 29th, 1950

Dear old classmates,

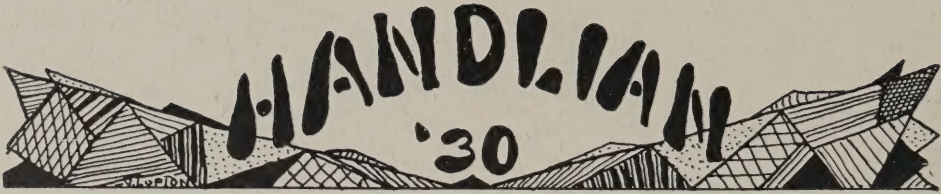
Yesterday morning, after an almost unbearably monotonous whirl across the Atlantic and back, from eight o'clock to nine,—The air plane service in this country is really shameful—I sat down beside my trusty television to see if I could find some amusement. I found it!

As I turned the dial to London, a clamor of clipped accents greeted my ears, and I beheld, seemingly, the whole metropolis swarming around twelve notorious Americans, who had just arrived from New York, after floating all the way in a single innertube. (An innertube, you know, is one of those affairs which was absolutely necessary in the good old days of cars, and Fords, and flat tires.) To my pride and amazement, the drifters proved to be no others than the Misses Selene Calvert, Virginia Ann Huntsberry, Alice Eagle, Hortense White, Winifred Clowser, and Margaret Anderson, and Messrs. Melvin Eckley, Harry Hammond, Harold Lucas, George Hawse, Donald Shockey and Richard Petrie.

To avoid fainting, I swiftly changed the scene to Marsburg, the capitol of Mars, where the emperor of that planet was speaking to his council on the approaching Garlic Bud Festival to be held by the Marsburgians. Scattered thru the audience beamed the visages (unchanged except for slight additions of wrinkles and chins) of Howard Kelly, David Hess, Richard Rosenberger, Hetty Turner, Peggy Ritter, Esther McDonald, and Katherine McVicar. Emperor Griffith was just reaching the gripping climax of his lecture, when the whole scene was interfered with by a shrill racket issuing from the heart of Arabia. The din, I soon discovered, was merely a chorus of delighted titters escaping from six Harems, occupying the Royal Arabian Palace, and owned by six Arabianized Americans, who were, of course, Henry Barkley, Edward Bailey, Robert Kerlin, James Anderson, William Grove, and Albert Seal. My modesty, however, becoming somewhat shocked at the familiarity which seemed to exist between these Bluebeards and their wives, finally led me to explore other regions—in fact, nothing less than the Handley High School, which was broadcasting Morning Assembly.

Here, Principal Edward Koons, after gently reproving the confronting younger generation for its failure to use ash trays while smoking in class, turned the program over to the main cheer leaders, Willie Huyett, Jr., and his little sister, Lily. I recognized little Tommie Kremer, Jr., and his little playmate, Verlie Sirbaugh, Jr., and although I could not see Gladys Good and her brother, Willie, Jr., I could hear them singing above everybody else.

At this point, the television announcer broke in with several very recent tit-bits of universal gossip. First, he announced that five learned female scientists, Ada Glass Baker, Vivian Hollis, Carrie Wright, Vivian Hershberger, and Hathaway Fant, after



many years of taxing research work, had just concluded that there undoubtedly was no Santa Claus. This was followed by an announcement that two shining lights in the world of art, Virginia Lupton and Sylvia Grim, were speedily recovering from slight attacks of leprosy, which they had recently contracted. In his next notices, the announcer exulted over the facts that Mary McQuay, Gladys Patton, Ethel Harper, Cornelia Sutphin, and Edith Jones had at last reached the moon in "Old Virginia," their famous balloon, that Elizabeth Carpenter and Virginia Mason had roller skated from Boston to San Francisco, and, because of this feat, had become movie stars; and that America's Tiddlywinks team, composed of Dorothy Shatzer, Elizabeth Hogan, and Eula Fletcher, had won the International Tiddly-winks Tournament. Lastly, he lamented the fact that, due to the jealousy which Rachmaninoff, the Russian pianist, had of Virginia Russell's brilliant musical success, he had stabbed her in the back and——

I heard no more.

When I came to, it was quite late, which now reminds me that it is time to forget my illustrious school-mates, and attend to my business of feeding the chickens.

Love and kisses,

TUCKER MCGUIRE.



SILLY THESES





MR QUARLES ON THE LEFT



BATTLING SMITH



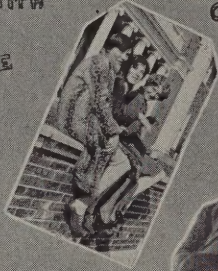
CANAL BOATS



WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME



WOMAN WATERS



A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS



FROM THE HANDLEY ZOO



RINGLING BROTHERS

AIN'T LOVE GRAND?



A FEW OF THE INMATES



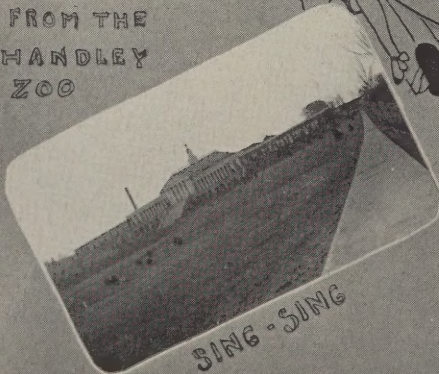
OLD

MAIDS

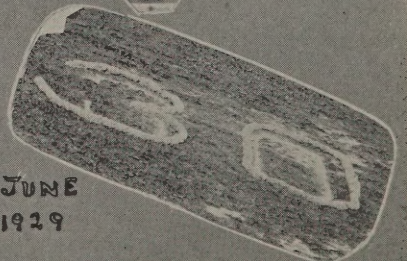


?

JUNE 1929



SING-SING







DIGNIFIED SENIORS



AH-H-H!



EXCLUSIVE



HIC!



RAH

RAH!

COLLEGIATE



ΔΦΘ



MONKEYS



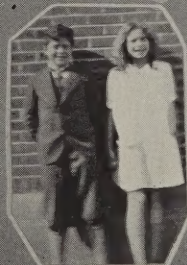
BETTIN ON THE WINNER



JUNK!

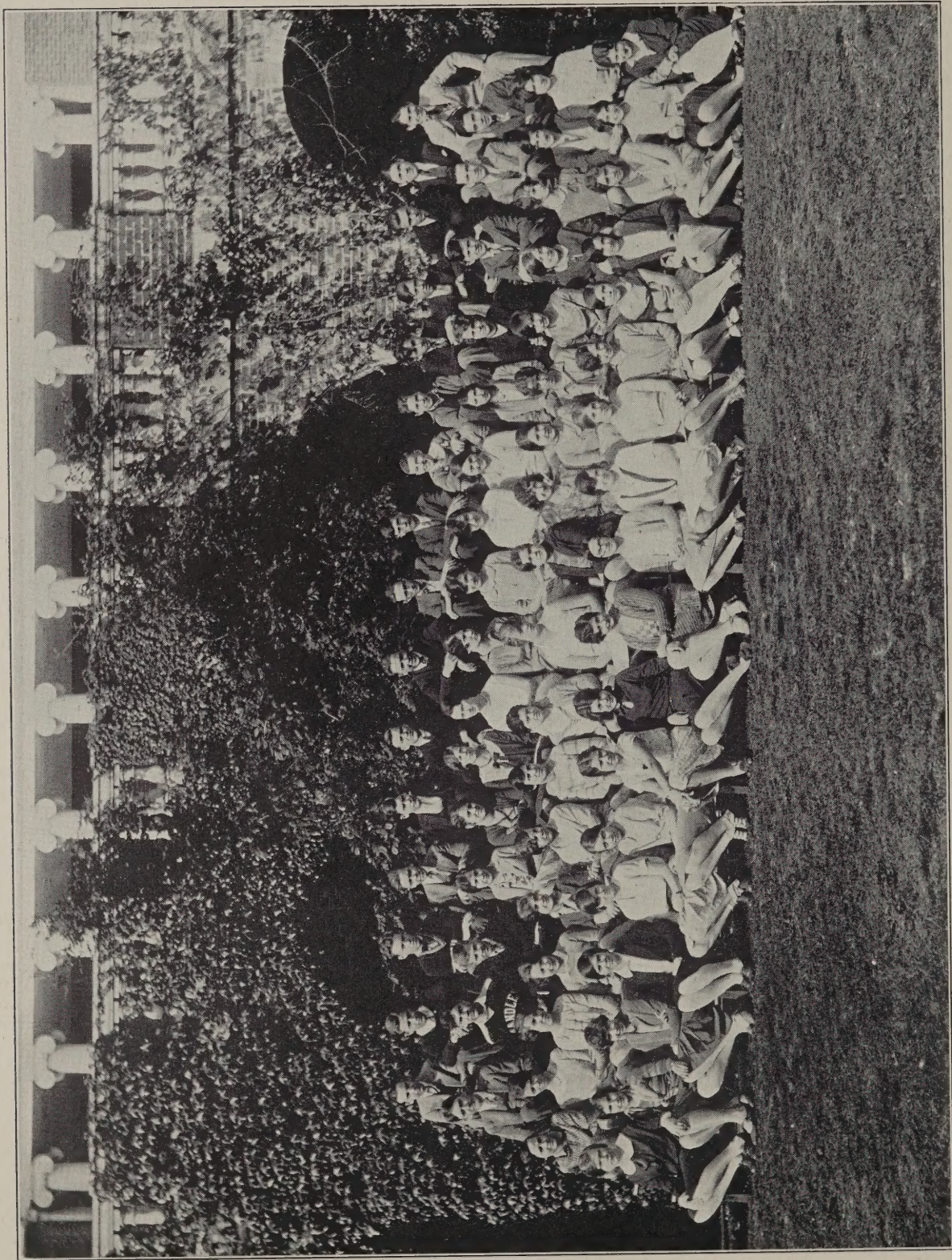


THREE MUSKETEERS

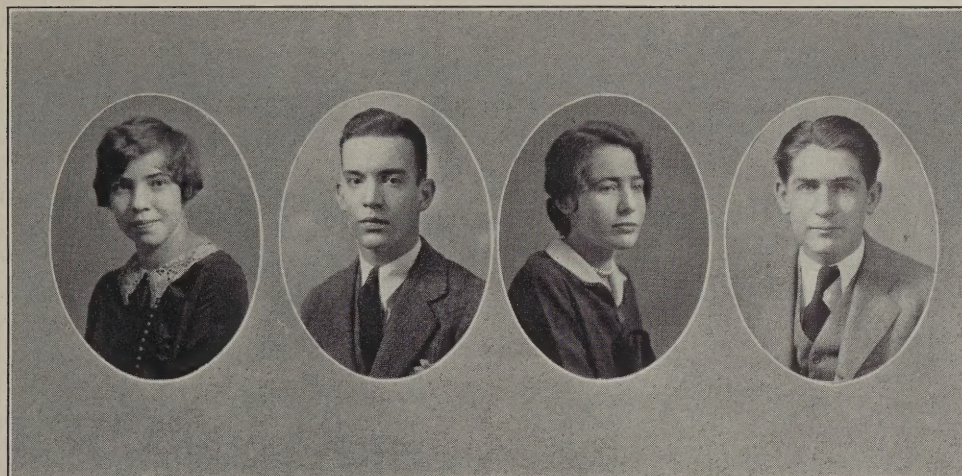
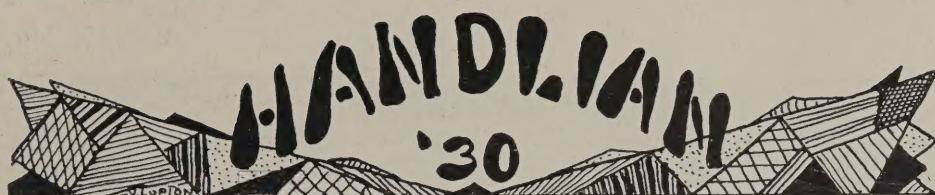


CUTENESS





Junior Class



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

	<i>President</i> ANDREW BABB	
<i>Secretary</i> DOROTHY LUPTON	<i>Vice-President</i> HATTIE ECKLEY	<i>Treasurer</i> VERNON NORTON

Sponsors
MR. OTIS SARGENT MISS LOUDELLE POTTS

Class Flower
SNAP-DRAGON

Class Color
BLACK AND GOLD

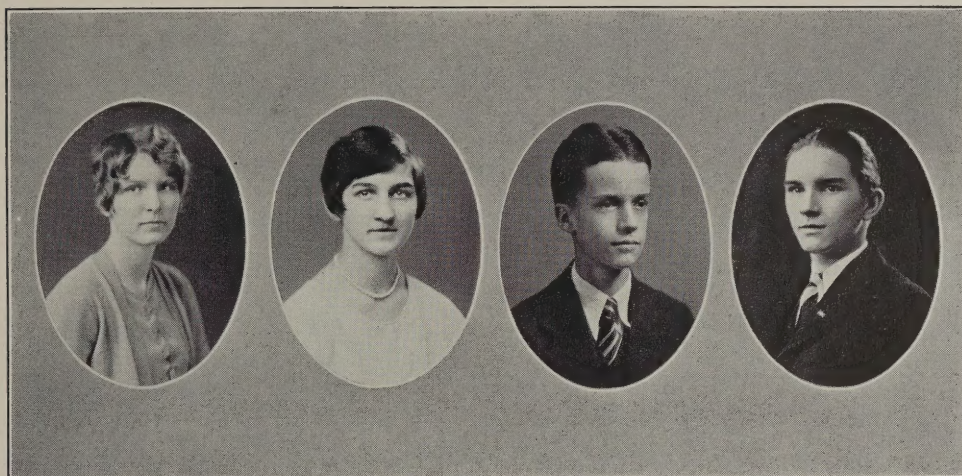
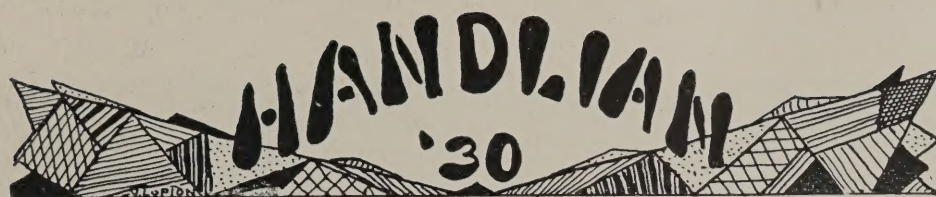
MOTTO—"Not on the heights, but climbing"

MEMBERS

Anderson, Oata	Green, Elizabeth	Sullivan, Katherine	Grimm, Robert
Bear, Eleanor	Hammond, Emma	Sutton, Kathleen	Grubbs, John
Bell, Mary Louise	Housenfluck, Mabel	Taylor, Helen	Haines, George
Boyer, Mary Wilson	Hawkins, Emily	Thompson, Annesley	Haines, Harry
Bush, Frances	Henry, Margaret	Tidler, Mildred	Harper, Louis
Braithwaite, Etha	Hirth, Betty Anne	Walters, Lillian	Hershberger, John
Bywaters, Ruth	Jackson, Alice	Whitemore, Lydia	Hollis, Vincent
Canter, Nancy	Kater, Chloedelle	Wingfield, Mary	Huff, Cordelle
Cather, Dorothy	Knight, Virginia	Woods, Dorothy	Jackson, John
Cather, Hilda	Lockhart, Eva	Babb, Andrew	Massey, Charles
Chrismore, Eva	Lupton, Dorothy	Bailey, Edward	Miller, Melvin
Cochran, Ruth	Luttrell, Ruth	Bayliss, Joseph	Norton, Vernon
Copenhaver, Aletha	Miller, Clara	Cather, Douglas	O'Rear, Glenn
Crisman, Sybilla	Peer, Leona	Cather, Granville	Rosenberger, Robert
Eckley, Hattie	Powers, Charlotte	Clevenger, Marshall	Seabright, Glenn
Flenner, Hazel	Quirk, Anna	Fansler, Guy	Smith, Marshall
Fogle, Pauline	Rappaport, Isobel	Flenner, George	Stine, Lee
Gano, Corinne	Robinson, Helen	Flickinger, Joseph	Whitacre, George
George, Frances	Shatzer, Isabelle	Fries, Holmes	



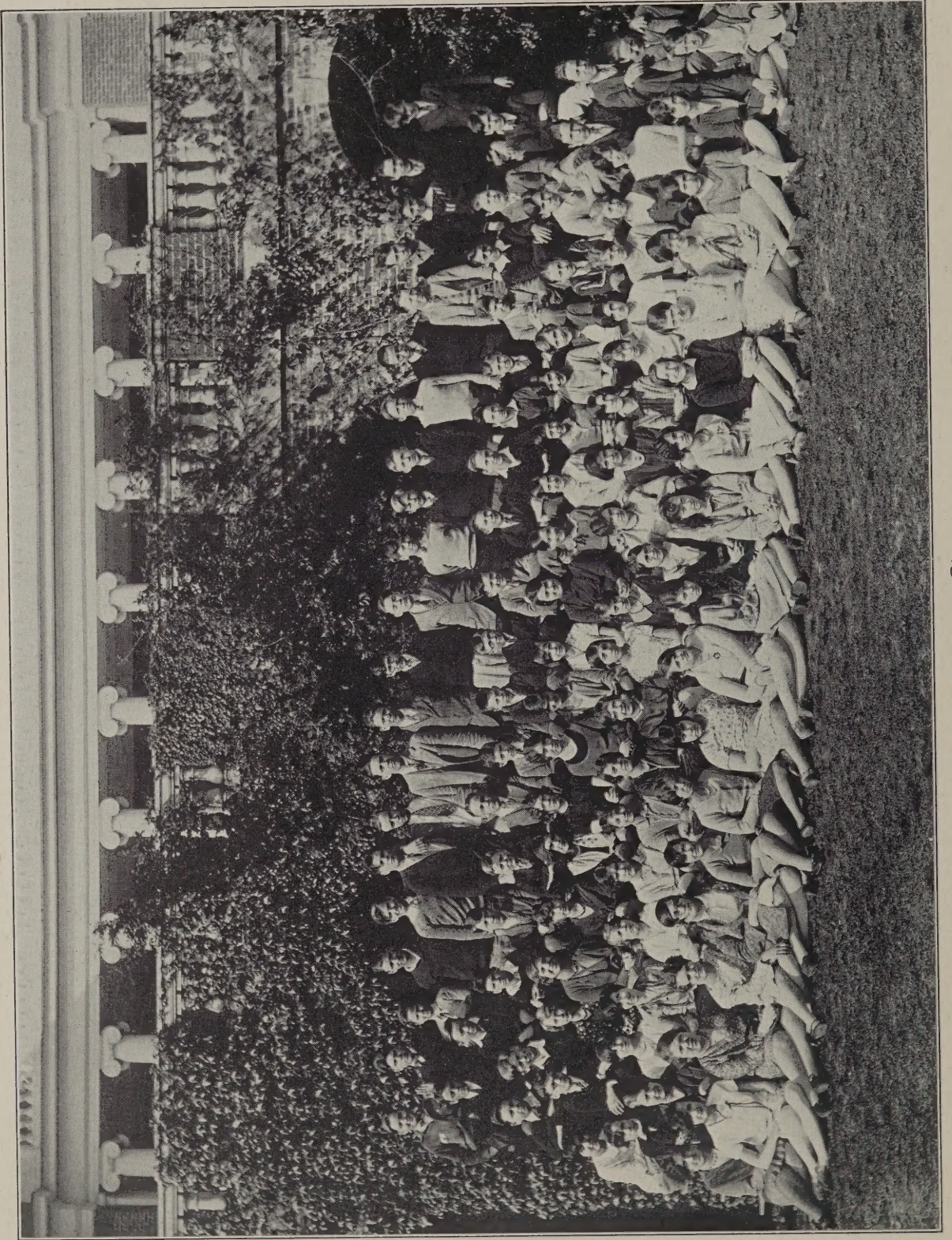
Sophomore Class



SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

MEMBERS

Campbell, Charlotte, Pres.	Jones, Charlotte	Stouffer, Dorothy	Hartman, Allison
Babb, Andrew, V.-Pres.	Jones, Elizabeth	Stouffer, Evva	Hawse, John
Thompson, Anna Louise,	Kern, Rebecca	Stouffer, Jane Gray	Hayley, Dennis
Secretary	Klompus, Freda	Sullivan, Bernadette	Hockman, Peachy
Glaize, Edwin, Treas.	Lewis, Margaret	Swartz, Dorothy	Hopkins, Warren
Adams, Vallie	Lichtner, Grace	Thomas, Beall	Jones, Robert
Affleck, Sylvia	Light, Dorothy	Triplett, Gaynel	Kater, Merle
Anderson, Pauline	Ludwig, La Verne	Unger, Evelyn Jane	Kline, Ivan
Anderson, Ruth	Lupton, Mary Glenn	Wright, Grace	Lichtner, Lawrence
Atwell, Ruth	Lupton, Margaret	Zuckerman, Esther	Luttrell, Earl
Bosserman, Grace	McCormick, Janet	Armer, Gordon	Mason, Warren
Bywaters, Elizabeth	McIlwee, Lurena	Bayliss, Marion	McCauley, Wilburn
Cain, Emma	McQuay, Alice	Bell, Christie	McConald, Miller
Carter, Catherine	Miller, Elizabeth	Bly, Herman	McVay, Cecil
Clevenger, Evangeline	Murrell, Nellie	Bowers, Richard	Owings, Will
Clowser, Eloise	Nelson, Fenton	Brumback, Harvey	Palmer, Rudolph
Cooper, Beatrice	Ogden, Marie	Brunk, Ivan	Patton, Donald
Coverstone, Ruby	Perry, Hilda	Campbell, Carroll	Perry, Beverley
Creswell, Evelyn	Reddish, Virginia	Carper, Strother	Polhamus, Leslie
DeHaven, Elizabeth	Renner, Alma	Clark, Ralph	Potts, Thurman
Dick, Loudella	Rhodes, Jane	Cochran, Raymond	Prelip, Godfrey
Dicks, Katherine	Ritenour, Louise	Cooper, Strother	Rinker, Charles
Eutsler, Louise	Ritter, Mary Katherine	Darlington, James	Rush, Stanley
Fawcett, Katherine	Rosenberger, Mary Virginia	Darton, Emmett	Shade, Bruce
Forney, Frances	Rush, Mary Louise	Dunlap, Melvin	Snapp, Owen
Fugitt, Nancy	Sargent, Helen	Duvall, Ferman	Snider, George
Funkhouser, Inez	Sargent, Mildred	Fisher, Douglas	Snider, Upton
Graves, Ruth	Scrivener, June	Fries, Fred	Stine, Bageant
Grim, Lillian	Scrivener, Marjorie	Fries, Lewis	Stipe, Leslie
Hahn, Helen	Sirbaugh, Mildred	Fries, Ray	Stouffer, Ashby
Hawkins, Virginia	Smith, Mary Elizabeth	Gerber, Trenton	Taylor, Courtney
High, Lucille	Stevens, Ruth	Grove, Robert	Whitacre, Frank
Huyett, Gwendolyn	Stine, Martha	Hancher, Joseph	Zigler, Oscar
Johnson, Marguerite			

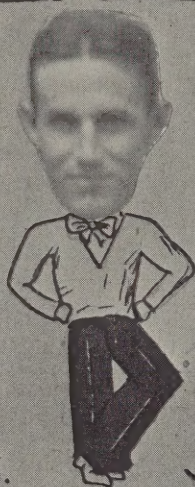


Freshman Class



Junior High School

MOST ATTRACTIVE



J.
ANDERSON



V.
RUSSELL

MOST POPULAR



H. FRIES



MEUTSLER M. ECKLEY



BEST LOOKING



R. KERLIN



V. HUNTSBERRY

BEST ALL-AROUND



A. MCGUIRE

MOST ATHLETIC



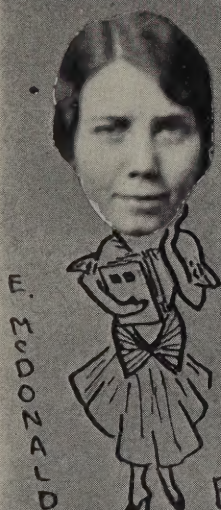
V. SIRBAUGH



M. HENRY

MOST INTELLECTUAL

MOST DEPENDABLE



R. GRIFFITH

BIGGEST SHIEK



H. HAMMOND



D. LUPTON

BIGGEST FLIRT

H. BARKLEY



E. LIGHT

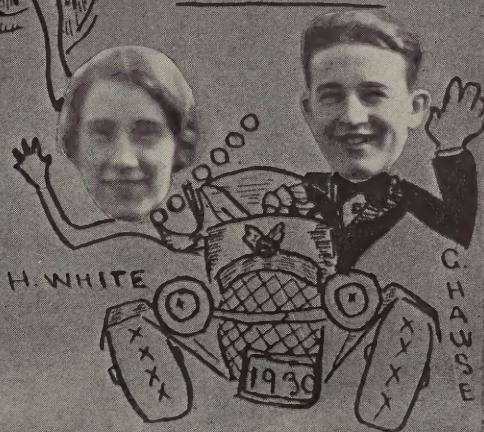


MOST VERSATILE

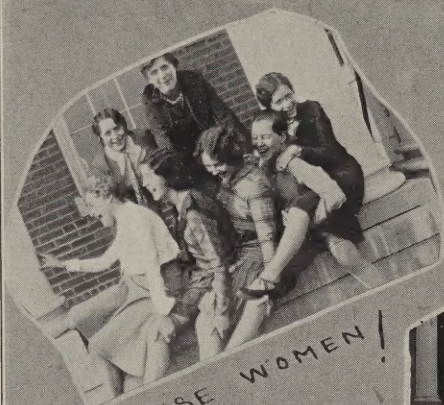
WITTIEST



V. LUPTON



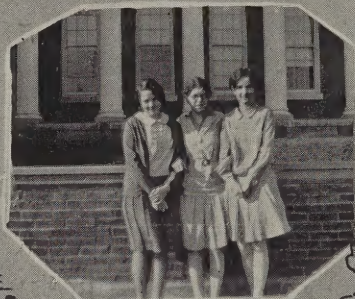
H. WHITE



THESE WOMEN!



POOR LIZZIE!



HANDLEY COLLEGE



THOSE SCHOOL LUNCHES!



RAH! RAH!
TRAH! TRAH!



HANDLEY AIR



GABRIEL
HIMSELF -
ALL EXCEPT
THE WINGS



BATTER UP

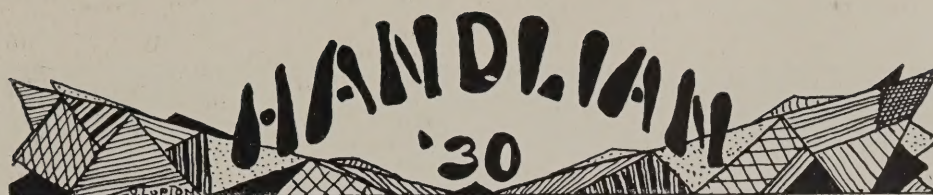


TEN GIRLS -
HARD UP



MAMA!





EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

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MELVIN ECKLEY

Honorary President

MR. QUARLES

Vice-President

DOROTHY LUPTON

Secretary

MARGARET EUTSLER

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Faculty Representatives

MISS RITTER

MR. BROWNING

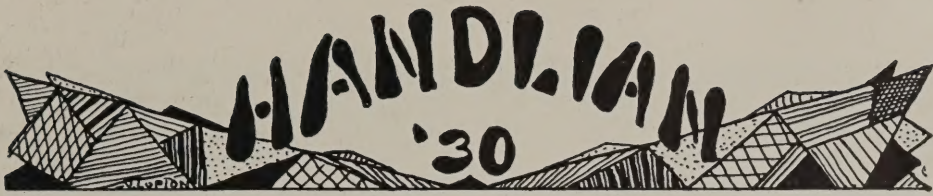
HOME ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

Evelyn Nixon
Arthur Shull
Richard Rush
Ann Carr Russell
Edwin Glaize
Carl Garber
Mary Kramer
George Snider
Philip Hollis

Evva Stouffer
Eleanor Scully
Margaret Eutsler
Robert Kerlin
Lucille Lunsford
Nancye Canter
Anna Louise Thompson
Katherine Thompson
Virginia Hawkins

The Executive Council is the law-making body of the school. It is composed of faculty representatives and pupils representing each advisee group in the High School. The purpose of this Council is to settle all important matters, which confront other organizations in the school, and to make its rules and regulations.





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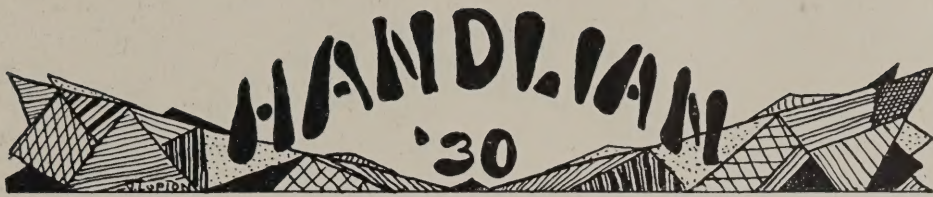


VOL 6

LEY HIGH SCHOOL
WINCHESTER VIRGINIA

NO. 2

FART



TRAIL BLAZER

The *Trail Blazer*, now in its seventh year of publication, has been working hard under its new staff of juniors to spread the literary atmosphere throughout Handley.

This magazine, which everyone seems to prefer to a newspaper, has six special divisions, namely, Editorials, Literary, Poetry, Sports, Jokes, and Exchange, all of which are done by the Handleyites themselves.

The 1930 staff has endeavored to please the student body, and hopes it has succeeded.

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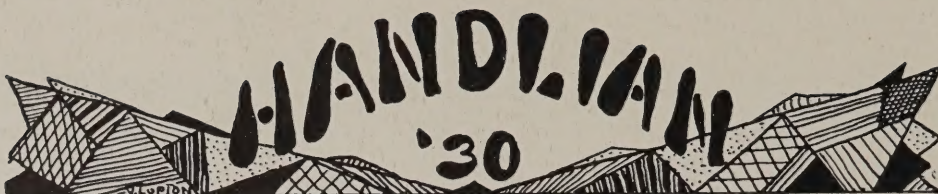
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Sponsor
MR. BROWNING

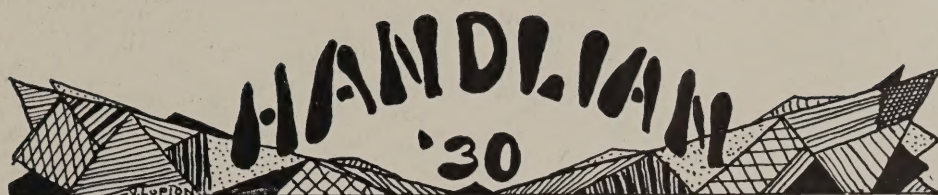


HOLMES CONRAD LITERARY SOCIETY

The Holmes Conrad Literary Society was founded in 1925 for the purpose of promoting interest in literary activities at Handley. Almost every year it has sent members to Charlottesville to compete in the State contest of reading, public speaking, and debating.

The meetings are held every Thursday. The members themselves usually give the very interesting programs, but occasionally addresses are given by outside speakers.

This year meetings were held regularly until Christmas, when it was decided to have begun again and devoted solely to the practice of reading, debating, and public speaking, in order to be well prepared for the state literary contest.



THE GLEE CLUB

President
LUCY RITENOUR

Vice-President
FREDA KLOMPUS

Librarian
LILLIAN OAKES

Secretary
DOROTHY WOODS

Pianist
VIRGINIA RUSSELL

MEMBERS

Anderson, Oata
Anderson, Winifred
Beverley, Nelia
Boyer, Mary
Cain, Emma
Canter, Nancye
Chrimore, Eva
Clevenger, Evangeline
Cline, Nancy Lee
Clowser, Eloise
Coontz, Kathryn
Coverstone, Ruby
Creswell, Evelyn
DeHaven, Margaret
Dick, Loudelel
Fant, Hathaway
Fugitt, Helen

Glass, Louise
Johnston, Marguerite
Klompus, Freda
Light, Emily
Locke, Elsie
Ludwig, La Verne
Lupton, Margaret
McQuay, Mary
Murrell, Nellie
Oakes, Lillian
Ogden, Marie
Patton, Gladys
Peer, Leona
Ramey, Dorothy
Rappaport, Sylvia
Ritenour, Lucy
Rush, Margaret

Russell, Virginia
Sargent, Gladys
Smith, Mary Elizabeth
Stine, Martha
Stouffer, Evva
Sullivan, Bernadette
Sullivan, Kathryn
Sutphin, Anna Fay
Sutphin, Cornelia
Sutton, Kathleen
Thompson, Annesley
Walker, Gladys
Whitmore, Lydia
Whitmore, Phyllis
Wingfield, Mary
Woods, Dorothy

HANDLIAN '30



ORCHESTRA

Every Monday afternoon in the Auditorium the Handley Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. W. H. McIlwee, meets for practice. One who happens to be present during rehearsal hour is immediately impressed with the type of music the young musicians are preparing.

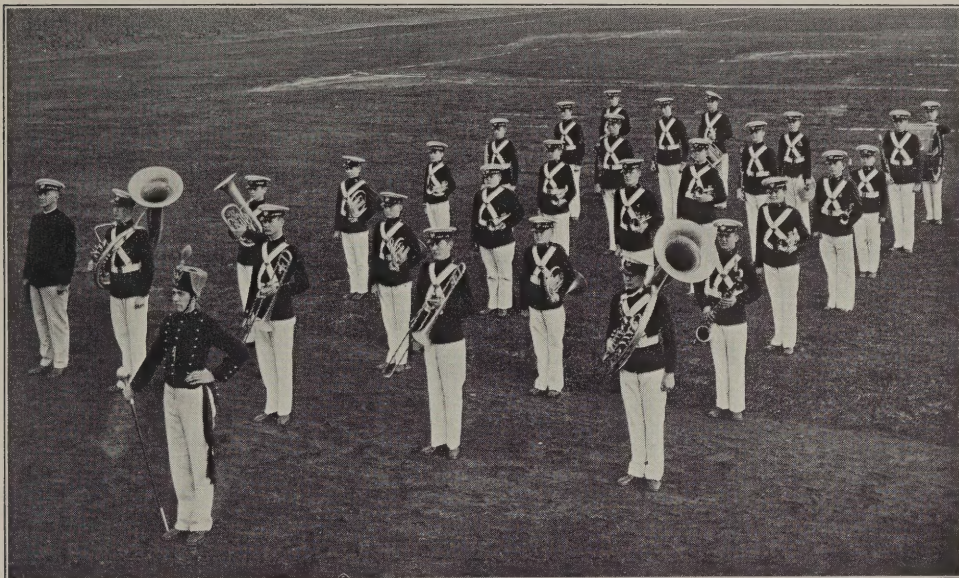
The praise which the orchestra has won can be more deeply appreciated when we think of the leader and the close attention he gives to very detail leading to perfection of rendition. Wherever the orchestra goes it upholds the finest traditions of the school and community.

MEMBERS

Bailey, Edward
Carper, Harry
Hartman, Allison
Haines, Harry
Hammond, Harry
Jones, Courtney
Keeler, Elizabeth
Knight, Virginia
Kerlin, Robert
Lucas, Harold

McInturff, Gordon
Miller, Melvin
Owens, William
Resseguie, Walden
Rush, Richard
Shade, Bruce
Sutton, Marion
Stine, Lee
Windle, Kenneth

HANDLEMAN '30



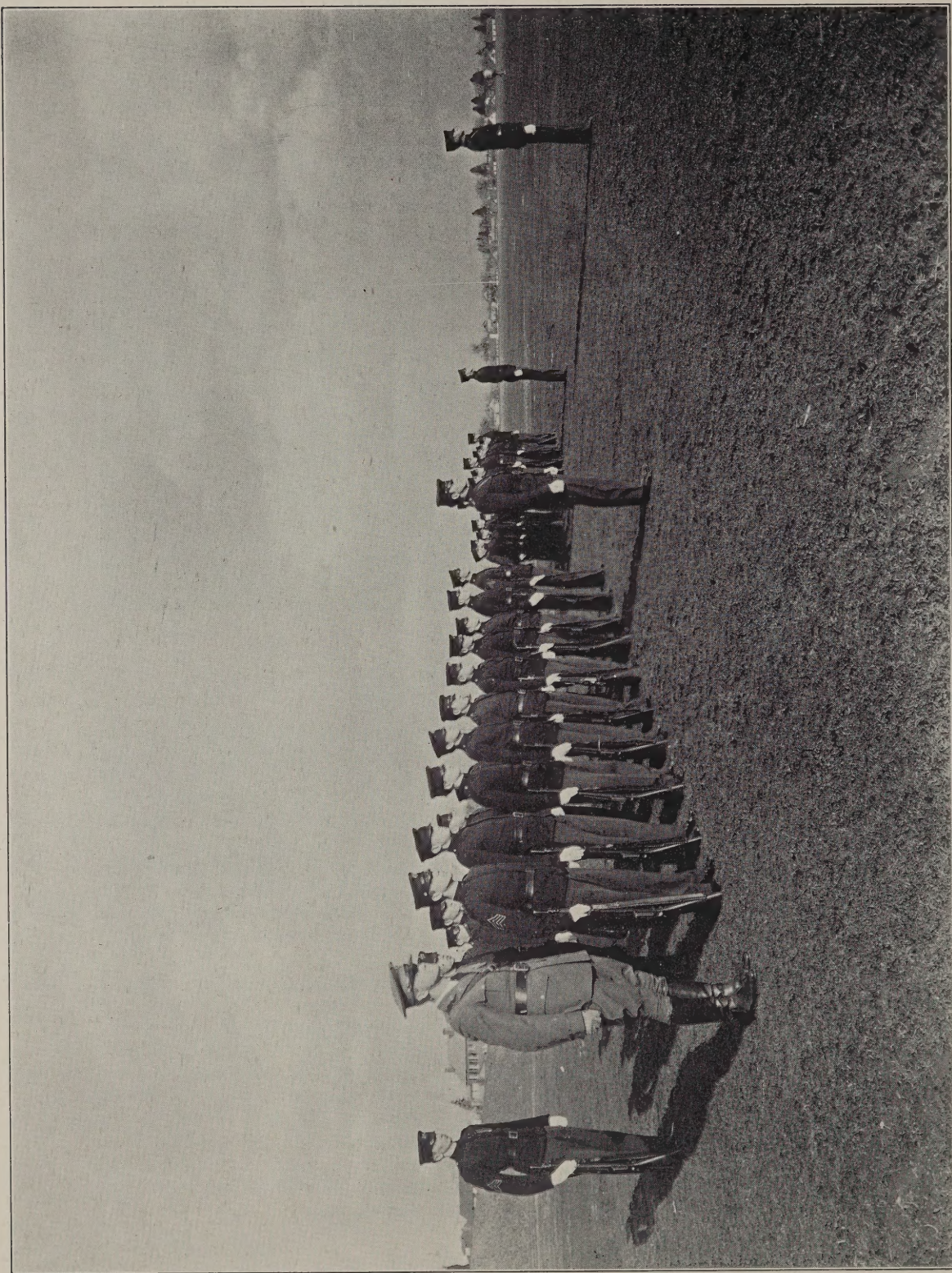
BAND

Last year the Handley Band suffered heavy losses in personnel due to the graduation of a number of its members. At the beginning of the year a large number of new members came into the organization, consequently, the more difficult music could not be played. Under the able leadership of Professor McIlwee the Band has been practically rebuilt and is playing a type of music well above the average now being played in the High Schools of the country.

This year the Band has received some new equipment. Bugles and drums were given to the organization by the Class of 1929. Possibly the greatest adjunct to the Band was the purchase of new uniforms. The need for a new uniform, one that would be more appropriate, was long felt. Finally about six months ago we obtained the uniform you see in the picture.

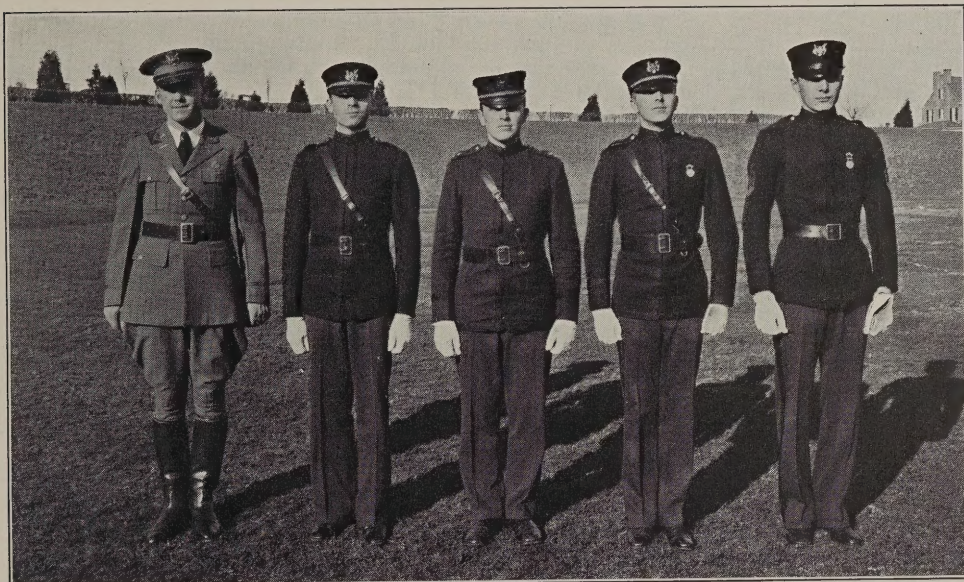
The Band has become a very potent factor in school and community life. During the present year the organization has played for many of the games; before the school in assembly, in various school parades, and to crown all its activities has given a concert worthy of the praise of the most exacting musician. The Band stands ready, with the sanction of the school authorities, to participate in any community activity. Recently the organization broadcasted a program over the radio, participated extensively in the annual Apple Blossom Festival and helped with the Memorial Day Exercises.

This year the Band will not lose many of its older members and will be able to start next year without the rebuilding which was required this year. The Class of '30 wishes Professor McIlwee success in his future musical undertakings and hopes that in the future he will be even more successful than in the past.



Cadet Battalion

HANDLEY '30



Gladys Sargent, Sponsor

CADET BATTALION

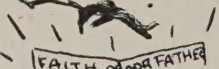
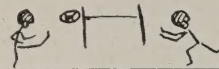
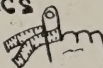
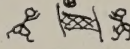
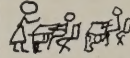
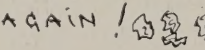
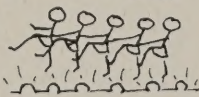
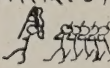
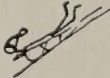
The battalion this year, is under the supervision of the school. Due to the lack of men, it became necessary to purchase the rifles and other supplies from the government.

Mr. Parsons is the battalion's new commandant. He is greatly admired by the men, and is expected to make this year's battalion one of the best Handley has ever had.

1929

FALL

1929

1929	SEPTEMBER		1929
9-15	16-20	23-27	30-4
SCHOOL OPENS WE'RE SENIORS   FAITH OF OUR FATHER NEW SONG FOLDERS FOOTBALL PRACTICE STARTS 	MEASURED FOR OUR RINGS  CAPTAINS ELECTED GREENS - M. EUTSLER ORANGES - U. HOLLIS HANDLIAN STAFF SELECTED DON'T THROW CANDY WRAPPERS!	VOLLEY BALL PRACTICE BEGINS  FIRST FOOTBALL GAME  CUMBERLAND WINS - 20...0 A GOOD START!	CANDY WRAPPERS  DETENTION CLASS STARTED -  SNOO DISCONTINUED ON ACCOUNT OF LACK OF PATRONAGE
1929	OCTOBER		1929
7-11	14-18	21-25	28-1
FIRST MEETING OF HANDLIAN STAFF CANDY WRAPPERS AGAIN!  FOOT BALL R.M.A. 6900D! H.H.S. 6	CARL JANSON "MACBETH" AND EVERYTHING   WAYNEBORO 15 H.H.S. 0	SHRIMMERS PARADE WE GET OUT AT 2:00  HOPE THEY COME AGAIN CHARLESTOWN... 0 H.H.S. 7 AT LAST!	FIRST REPORTS  FOUND:  BLACK FOUNTAIN PEN UNUSUAL! BERKLEY SPS. 0 H.H.S. 76
1929	NOVEMBER		1929
4-8	11-15	18-22	25-29
SENIOR GIRLS PROGRAM "BLUNDERING HERD"  FOOTBALL HAGERSTOWN... 7 H.H.S. 7	HOLIDAY !!! ARMISTACE  CANDY WRAPPERS !!  LEESBURG 0 H.H.S. 47	NIGHT SCHOOL RINGS COME  FIRST SNOO  HARPERSFERRY... 0 H.H.S. 30	 THANKSGIVING RAY !! MARTINSBURG... 13 H.H.S. 13 ETCITING !!!

1929



WINTER



1930

1929

DECEMBER

1929

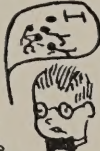
2-6

SAME OLD CANDY
WRAPPERS !!



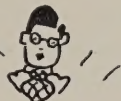
TUCKER
STARS IN
MOVIE

MR. QUARLES
FIGHTS OVER
MARTINSBURG
GAME WITH US
IN ASSEMBLY

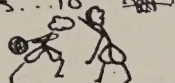


9-13

OUR SPONSOR
WEARS A NEW TIE -
BLINDING !!
WE'LL SAY!



FIRST
BASKETBALL GAME
ORANGES... 16
SHAMROCKS... 10

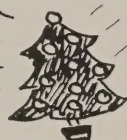


16-20

XMAS PAGEANT
WONT BE
LONG NOW

BASKETBALL
HANDLEY... 41
MIDDLETOWN... 18

XMAS
HOLIDAYS
WHOOPEE !!



1930

JANUARY

1930

2-10

DO WE RETURN
TO OUR STUDIES
THOSE ?
OF US WHO SURVIVED
THE NIGHT LIFE OF
WINCHESTER

BASKETBALL
ORANGES... 21
SHAMROCKS... 16
HANDLEY... 29
CHARLESTOWN... 12



13-24

PICTURES TAKEN
FOR HANDLIAN



BASKETBALL
HANDLEY... 26
BERKLEY SPRINGS... 20
HANDLEY... 21
CHARLESTOWN... 18

27-31

E+AMS !! HOW WE
LOVE 'EM !!
OF COURSE WE ALL
PASSED.

JUDGE HANDLEY'S
BIRTHDAY



HANDLEY... 25
HAGERSTOWN... 41

1930

FEBRUARY

1930

3-7

PICTURES TAKEN
FOR PERMANENT
RECORDS

QUARTET SINGS IN
ASSEMBLY
NO. THEY
DON'T GET
THROWN OUT
BASKETBALL
HANDLEY... 32
R.M.A... 30



10-14

SENIORS ELECT
CLASS OFFICERS
BOY SCOUT PROGRAM
IN ASSEMBLY



SENIOR
VALENTINE PARTY
DANCE - ICE CREAM
'M EVERYTHING
HANDLEY... 23
R.M.A... 33



17-28

BASKETBALL
HANDLEY... 21
SHEPARDSTOWN... 23
HANDLEY... 19
WAYNESBORO... 57

FIRST MONOGRAM
CLUB FOR GIRLS



HANDLEY...
WAYNESBORO...

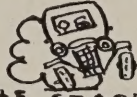
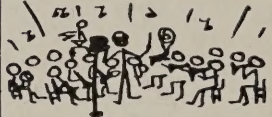
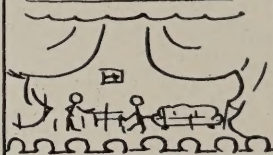
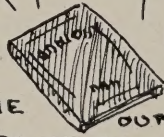
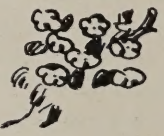
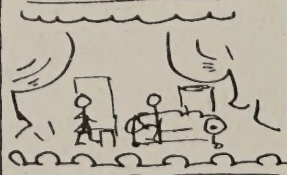
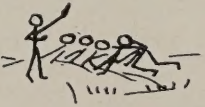
1930

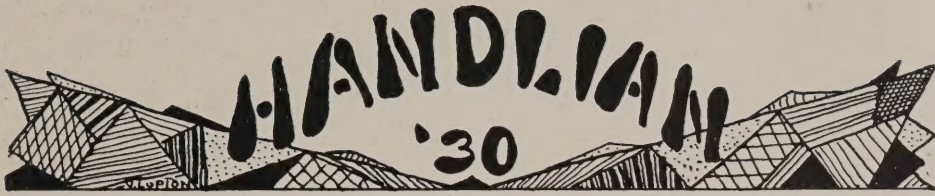


SPRING



1930

1930	MARCH		1930
2-6	10-14	17-21	24-28
OUR ORCHESTRA AND QUARTET BROADCASTS / WE'RE AFRAID MR. QUARLES WILL LEAVE US TO BECOME A RADIO ANNOUNCER 	HANDLIAN GOES TO PRESS WE TAKE IT TO BALTIMORE IN MR. QUARLES' NEW FORD  THE STAFF IS SO SORRY IT'S FINISHED	THE BAND BROADCASTS FROM STATION N.O.I.S.E. WE'RE GETTING TO BE QUITE THE RADIO ARTISTS 	FACULTY PLAY IS PRESENTED  A BIG SUCCESS AS USUAL
1930	APRIL		1930
1-11	14-18	21-25	28-2
APRIL FOOL'S DAY  BAND AND ORCHESTRA CONCERT 	EASTER HOLIDAYS HURRAH !! 	HANDLIANS ARRIVE AND IS THE STAFF THRILLED !!  WE OURSELVES DONE PROWD	APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL  BIG TIME IN TOWN !!
1930	MAY-JUNE		1930
5-9	19-30	2-6	9-13
SENIOR PLAY PRESENTED 	TRACK MEET  LAST HOLIDAY AT HANDLEY FOR SENIORS	BACCALAUREATE SERMON WE WEAR OUR CAPS AND GOWNS FOR THE FIRST TIME  AREN'T WE GROWN UP ?!	CLASS DAY - SENIOR BANQUET - PROM - SCHOOL CLOSES WE'RE EDUCATED !! GRIM



A HUMAN SOLDIER

A GENTLEMANLY LEADER, a kindly soldier, a friend and companion of his men—what more could we say of Robert E. Lee? What more could be said of any man? Upon every boy and girl, man and woman, Lee has left an indelible impression and aroused their admiration. He is praised in history, his memory is revered through all the country, he is idolized in the hearts of youth everywhere—he lives still. And then we stop to think, why should this be? Why should Lee stand out as a soldier above other leaders? Not because of his military prowess, or plans of warfare, not because of his loyalty or sportsmanship. These are things any man may excel in. Lee was different. He was a human soldier. In this day, people are not interested in wars. Men are not lauded any more for the number of men they kill nor the number of battles they win. This is a different age with different ideals. Is it any wonder that a farsighted, a different man should stand out today? Is it any wonder that other leaders are forgotten?

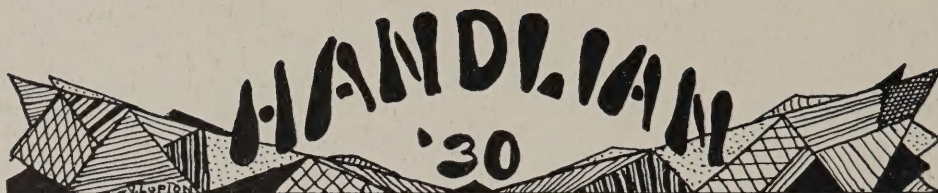
Lee had greatly endeared himself to the hearts of his men. In battles, in any plan or decision he made their comfort and welfare come first. He would rather lose a battle than lose a few men. A man whose very presence would inspire courage and devotion in his soldiers and whose departure would bring tears to their eyes is certainly worthy of recognition and the highest esteem.

Lee was a leader of the Southern forces, the heart of the army and soldier or no soldier, no other man could have carried on and inspired his men to carry on as he did. To most of the South the war looked doubtful from the first and Lee had to fight against the people's half-heartedness, against their losing courage, and against the victorious North. A man without the spirit and the will of Lee could not have done it.

What if he did lose the war? There is no grudge nor pity in our hearts. He is not honored the less for having surrendered to the superior forces of the North. Who knows but what he gave up the fight rather than lose his men, who were fighting for a hopeless cause. Yes, we know that he lost the war but we know, too, that he was gloriously victorious in another fight—his own fight. A battle in which everyone must engage, one that everyone has fought from the beginning of time and the victorious are the ones we remember. No one can deny that Lee won his fight—the battle with himself, the battle of life. He fought it his own way, with kindness, thoughtfulness, and with human love. So his name still lives on the tablets of history and on the tablets of our hearts.

A tribute to Lee, now, could not present a new view of his life, nor can it, in any more glowing terms, tell of his splendid career. It can only serve as a reminder of one who fought without fighting, who died, but is not dead.

VIRGINIA LUPTON



ONE OF CLEOPATRA'S KNIGHTS

IT WAS 7 P. M. and Marc Antony was hurrying about his tent. It was also 42 B. C., and the Roman forces were in winter quarters in Egypt.

"Cicero!" yelled Antony.

"What is it, sire?" inquired Cicero as he entered the tent.

"Has my new nickle-plated armor arrived yet?" demanded Marc.

"Yes, sire," was the reply. "It arrived from Searus Roebuckae this afternoon."

"Bring it at once. And Cicero!" he continued, as the centurion turned to leave the tent. "Bring Imperator's five free dancing lessons."

"Jove," he mused, as he awaited Cicero's return, "that was certainly a wonderful girl I met at The Pyramid Builders' Ball. Told me her name was Cleo. If it hadn't been for Orgetorix, I would never have met her. Confound Orgetorix! He knew I wouldn't take a dare, so he bet me 200 denarii I wouldn't dance with her. If I hadn't lost so much shooting craps, I don't believe I'd have done it. Where did I get the nerve to dance with her? She was mighty nice about it, and said that all I needed was practice. Deus!" he groaned. "What a fool I was! She said that we would meet again——."

At this point Cicero entered with the armor, and dancing lessons.

"I go to the royal palace tonight," quoth Marc to Cicero. "Cleopatra is having a ball in my honor. We have never met, so of course, I am anxious to look my best."

He ceased speaking, and with Cicero's help, squirmed into the armor. After glancing at his reflection in a mirror, he spoke again.

"A bit tight, but then new armor always is. Now the dancing lessons!

"How to lead"—Bah! I can lead anything, anywhere.—"The Egyptian Two Step"—hum. "The Nile Waltz"—not bad. "The African Tango"—Cicero you will act as my partner. Ready? Commence!"

Antony hummed "My Little Egyptian Sweetheart" somewhat sadly, and backed Cicero around the tent.

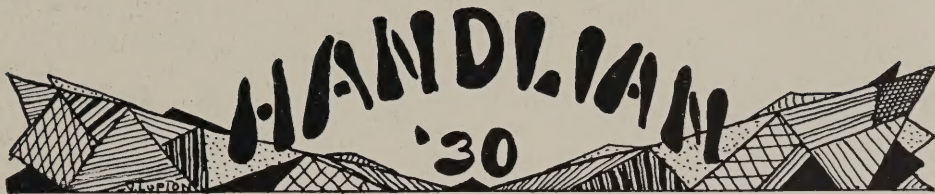
"Unus, et duo, et tres—Nope, you started with the wrong foot. Unus, et duo, et tres—Put some life in it!"

Around, and around the tent they went, Antony pranced and hopped from foot to foot. Cicero was kept busy trying to dodge Antony's flying feet. Antony tried them all, and then commanded Cicero to get his car for him.

Cicero, only too glad to escape, staggered from the tent and went in search of the Vadum roadster. Several minutes later Antony, having plastered his hair close to his head, entered his Roman flivver and clattered across the desert.

Arriving at the palace he parked his car, behind a billboard, and hammered on the door. A servant opened it, and Marc strode into the hall. He handed his helmet to the servant, and entered a large room filled with people.

"Marc Antony?" inquired an Egyptian army officer. Receiving a nod in the affirmative, he continued. "Follow me, please. Her majesty is expecting you."



"Nice place," thought Antony, as he followed the other. "What ho! There's Orgetorix. Embarrassing to have such a crowd staring at you. I'll light a Murad. Phew! That cigarette sure helps a lot. How long is this blamed hall anyhow? Have to ask the queen to dance. Mustn't forget unus, et duo, et tres."

They stopped facing a closed door. There was a pause. The pause lengthened.

Antony felt his face redden. "What is this?" he growled to himself. "A joke? Just like a woman to keep everyone waiting."

There was a sound of trumpets, and a woman entered the room. Instantly everyone except Antony knelt in homage.

"An old Carthaginian custom," he muttered as he strode forward.

Suddenly he paused in amazement. His cigarette dropped to the floor, and he nearly swallowed his chewing gum.

Standing before him was the girl he had met at The Pyramid Builders' Ball! It was Cleo of the blue eyes, and dark brown hair.

"What beauty!" thought the dazzled Antony. "What perfect lips, and just the right amount of lip stick, too.—Wonder if it will rub off?—And the same alluring perfume!—Just the odor of the hair tonic in a barber shop.—Here she comes!"

"We meet again, Antony," smiled Cleopatra, as she walked to where he stood. Taking his arm, she led him through the crowd to the ball-room. She nodded to the orchestra, who swung into "Mummy Blues." Instantly the floor was filled with a milling crowd of dancers.

Antony saw Orgetorix watching them, with a knowing smile. Marc gulped, and asked Cleopatra if she wished to dance. She nodded, and he led her to the floor. After taking a deep breath, he swung into the Egyptian Two Step.

Smoothly they circled the floor. The look of amusement on the face of Orgetorix changed to one of amazement, as Antony continued to dance with the ease and grace of a professional.

All went well until Antony started to talk, and then the trouble began. Marc couldn't talk to the queen, and count at the same time. When he didn't count he got out of step, and when he counted he couldn't say the things he longed to say. He was very careful, however, to count when he neared Orgetorix.

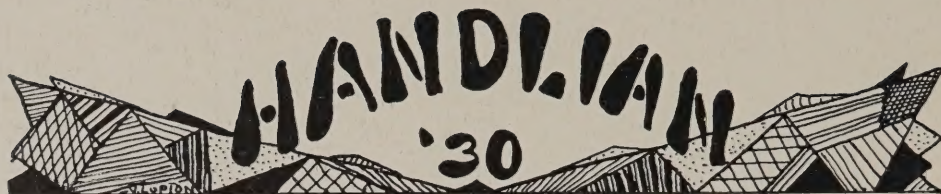
Suddenly he stopped, took Cleopatra by the hand and led her from the room.

"Let's go for a motorboat ride," he said tersely. "I have my car outside, and we can reach the Nile in 30 minutes.—Want to talk to you.—Come on!"

Cleopatra followed him down the hall, through the door, and out to the flivver. She serenely climbed in while Antony spun the crank. Then they were off. And—

Camels to the right of them,
Camels to the left of them,
Snorted and fled,
But on clattered the Vadum,
Making noise enough to arouse the dead.

EDWARD KOONS



FOOD AND ME { NOT I } JUST ME

MY POLICY has always been to "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The part I pay particular attention to is the first, for in what other form of diversion is there such a variety of pleasures as in that of eating? To me there is none other, for eating has become my hobby—in fact, an obsession. As long as there is food in sight, I eat and am happy; when the food is gone, I am wretched.

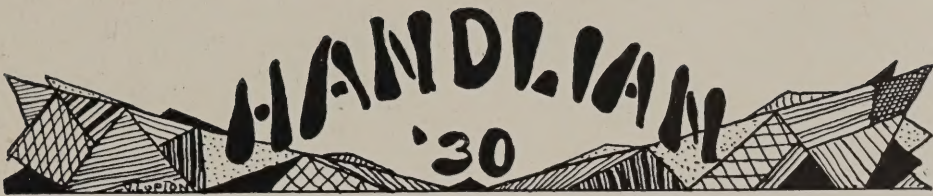
My appetite is simply enormous. I crave food, even though that "still small voice" whispers to me, warning me to save my appetite for future use. My appetite includes everything in the vegetable line except turnips, everything in the fruit line except olives, and all confections except horehound drops. I simply abhor these three items, for no reason at all, except that as soon as I smell one of them I immediately notice a decrease in my desire for them.

A box of chocolate candy has always held more attraction for me than any other kind of food. The main reason is, it keeps me guessing. One very seldom knows what is under that smooth coat of delicious chocolate, unless it protrudes. When I bite into one of those round ones, I naturally expect a rich, creamy one, but they always turn out to be a chocolate-covered-cherry, not to mention the juice that runs out of it and down my chin! When I was a novice at selection, I always reached for one wrapped in that fascinating colored paper, thinking that since they were wrapped, they must be fragile, and subsequently rather tempting. Of course I was fooled, for I might have known they were the worst kind and are merely put in paper to make up for their deficiency in content. The pieces that appeal to me most, are the chewy caramelly ones that last so long, and make ones jaws so tired. This helps greatly, though, because you have the satisfaction of knowing that the box will last just that much longer. The little paper containers add immensely to the intriguing qualities of the box, for they make such a delightful, crackling noise, so as to make the candy pleasing to the ear as well as to the taste.

I eat so much, that sometimes I think I'd better go on a diet, for they say that eating isn't particularly good for the complexion, or for the figure. During these times, food is persistently thrust upon me. I smell food, I hear food, I talk food, I dream food, I think food, I feel food, in fact, I do everything but taste food, and even now I write about food. I take long walks and do setting-up exercises until my appetite gets simply colossal, and has to be appeased by—spinach! After several days of this reform in appetite, I decide that I simply cannot exist without good, substantial food, and oh, how I cram when this decision is reached!

I can't write another word, for I haven't had anything to eat since I started this and really, that is too long for any mortal to try to do without food.

PEGGY RITTER



GULF BETWEEN

SUSAN BROOKS did not harmonize with the homeliness of fall—withered apples, and rough, coarse sweaters. Her grandmother was like a withered apple,—like fall in the mountains where they lived. But Susan did not fit. Her brown eyes had lights in them, and her unruly black curls were glossy and shoulder length. She was slim and tall, like a young sapling. Her wind-burnt arms were strong and capable, as were her hands. But for all that, she did not suit. Susan had been thinking so herself, ever since she had met Max.

Sitting on her doorstep this chilly morning, she was thinking of Max. Well could she remember their meeting. It would always be something vital in her life.

That morning, as usual, she had jumped from bed at six, her feet landing on a cold floor; dressed, dashed icy water on her healthy young face, helped with the housework, and then, at last, found herself free, to discover the something in the air that morning.

She went for a walk in the woods, where she met him. With a startled look, her eyes met his—blue eyes of unusual depth and soulfulness—his finely chiseled mouth and jaw, white teeth, broad shoulders, and blonde curls, ruffled by the slight breeze. This was Max Barnett, gentleman, man of wealth, who was in the mountains for a hunting trip.

She could still hear that strong masculine voice. "What have we here, Diana of the Chase? I didn't think there was another person in these mountains but myself, and now, what a pleasant surprise!"

"Yea," Susan had said, "they's others in these woods. I live with my Granny back yonder in that house. Who air you?"

Then Max told her all about himself.

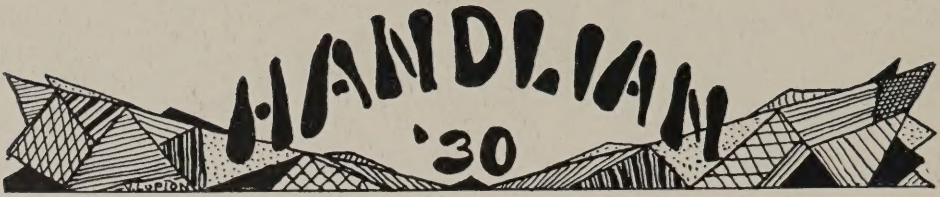
Days and days of bliss had followed for her. He called her "brown-eyed Susan". They had spent hours together, talking and tramping; and now, this afternoon, they had planned an unusually long tramp. He had mentioned something about this being their last good time together, but no, Susan insisted, that couldn't be! She loved him.

Max was infatuated with Susan, but there was such a difference between her and Jaspin, his fiancée, waiting for him back home. Jaspin was elegant to her fingertips, cultured and sweet, a debutante of note. But this uncouth mountain girl was fascinating him terribly. He must not lead her on, he thought.

That afternoon, after hiking an hour, they came to a great abyss, and stood there, looking down into its dark depths. Standing there looking at its sheer beauty, Susan said, "Do you haf to go back to the city?"

"Yes, Susan, I'm afraid I do—tomorrow," answered Max, looking down into the chasm and thinking. He and Susan had a great gulf between them, socially and intellectually. "You see, little girl, I'm engaged to be married to a girl back home."

"Aw, I see," said Susan, calm outwardly, but inside, tumultuous. "What's her name? What's she like?"



"Jaspin," he said. "Jaspin Trevor is her name. She is like her name, unusual, beautiful, and I love her dearly."

He felt like a perfect rotter talking in this way to this tragic mountain girl. Looking intently at her, he said, "Brown-eyed Susan, I shall always remember you. You could never be yourself out of these mountains. You belong here. You are like them, beautiful and steady. I will remember this trip and you forever."

"Thanks, Mr. Barnett." She was like a child that had lost some treasure. "Well, I reckon we'd better go back. I reckon Granny will be wantin' me."

So they turned back.

To Susan, life was colorless. Again, everything was lost. It would always be just mountains—mountains—mountains.

For Max, too, something was gone from life, but he felt he had done the right thing.

It was twilight when they reached Max's cabin.

"Susan, this is goodbye. May I kiss you?" Without waiting for an answer, he kissed her tenderly.

"Bye," she said. "I like you a lot." With a sob, she broke loose from him.

Max called to her. "Don't cry. Look me in the eyes, and give me the old smile." He lifted her chin. "Now, smile for me."

Through the tears she smiled. They both stood there smiling, trembling, hearts aching inside.

"Good-bye."

"Bye."

And with that, Susan ran—ran headlong back to withered apples, coarse sweaters, and memories; while Max, with a deep sigh, slowly walked back to luxury, life,—and memories.

KITTY SUTTON.



HANDLEY '30

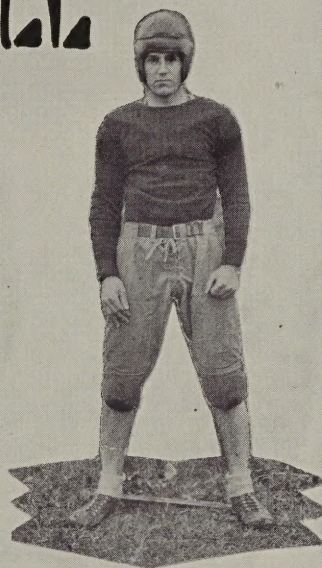
FOOTBALL



J. PARSONS - COACH



MARGARET EUTSLER
SPONSOR



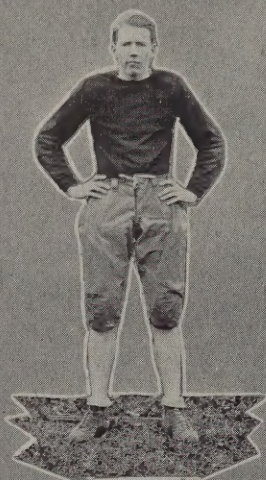
J. ANDERSON - CAPTAIN

1929 FOOTBALL

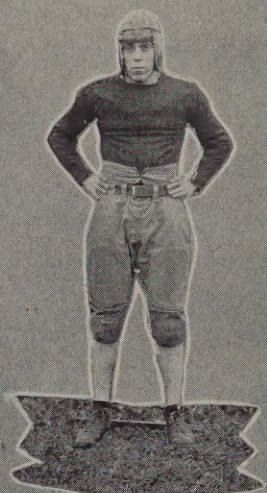
Under the direction of Coach Parsons and assistant Coach Sargent the 1929 football team came through with a very successful season. Several men being disabled, at the beginning, somewhat hampered operations, but the Coaches and squad worked hard and deserve the utmost credit for their success.

Handley Opponents

1.	9/23/29—Cumberland	0	20
2.	10/11/29—R. M. A.	6	6
3.	10/19/29—Waynesboro	0	13
4.	10/26/29—Charlestown	7	0
5.	11/ 2/29—Berkeley Springs	76	0
6.	11/ 8/29—Hagerstown	7	7
7.	11/15/29—Leesburg	47	0
8.	11/22/29—Harpers Ferry	30	0
9.	11/28/29—Martinsburg	13	13
		—	—
		186	59



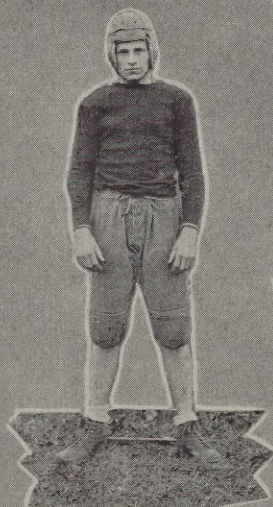
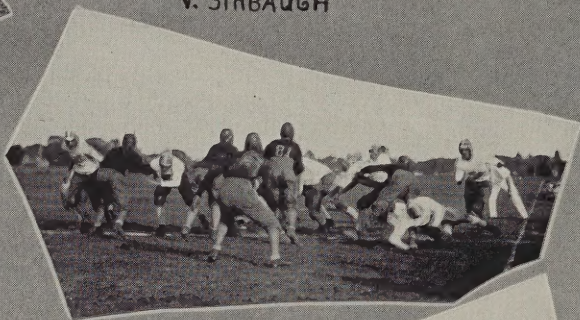
H. LUCAS



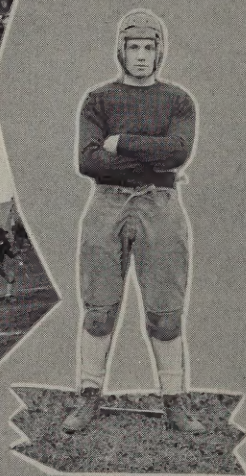
V. SIRBAUGH



H. FRIES



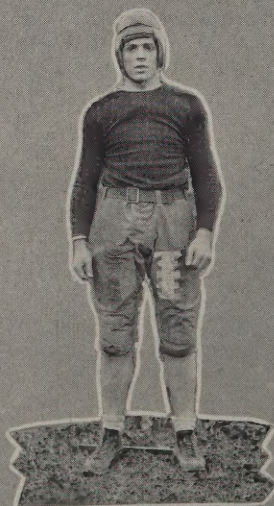
J. JACKSON



R. DUVALL



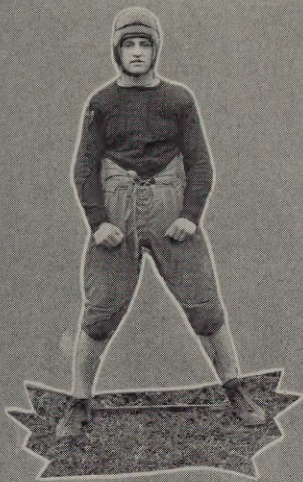
W. GROVE



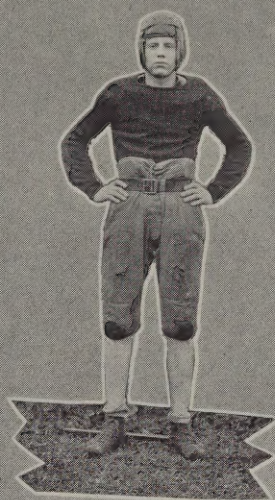
D. CATHER



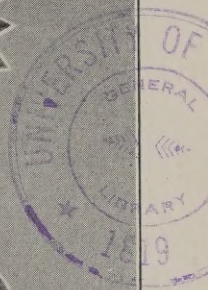
S. RUSH



G. GARBER



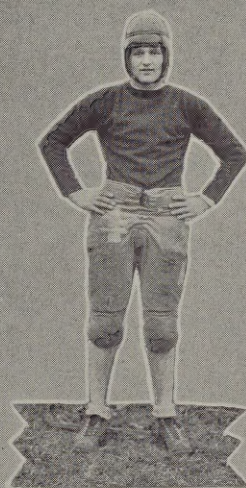
M. ECKLEY



D. FISHER



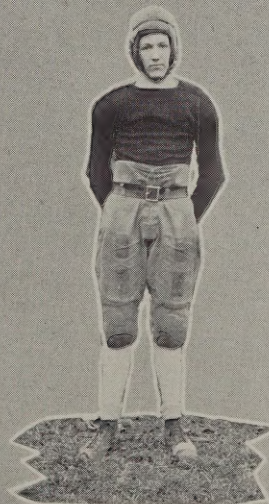
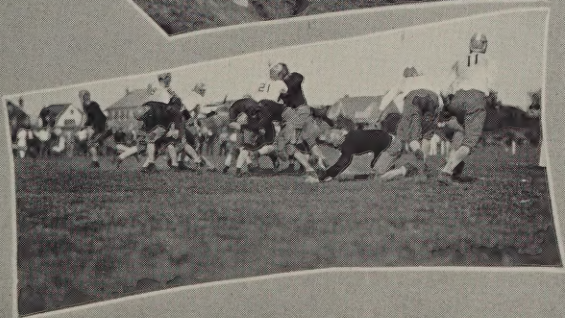
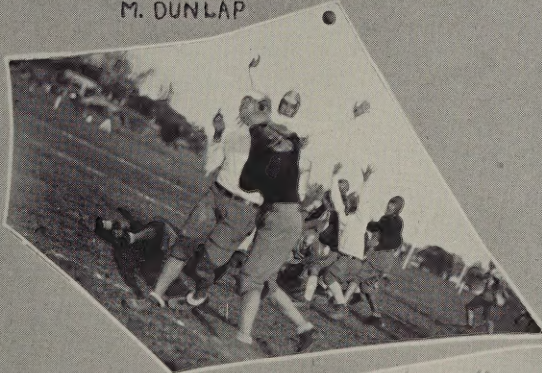
M. DUNLAP



L. GARBER



W. McCAULEY



F. DUVALL



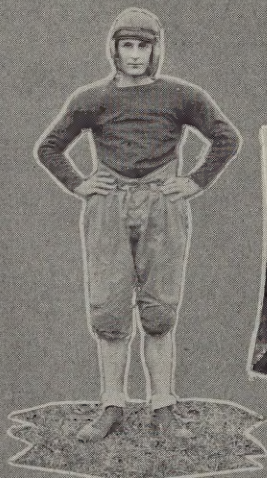
W. THRIFT



J. BAYLISS



L. STIPE



S. COOPER



L. FRIES



G. PRELIPP



W. GOOD



O. SARGENT



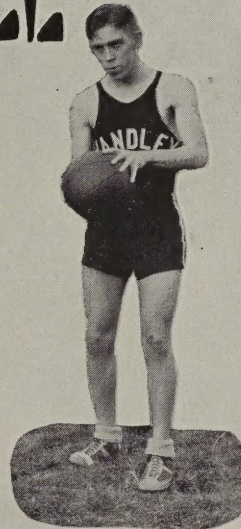
BASKETBALL



O. SARGENT - COACH



ELIZABETH CARPENTER
SPONSOR



V. SIRBAUGH - CAPTAIN

1930 BASKETBALL

The nineteen hundred and thirty basketball season was difficult and interesting. Although it was not quite as successful as we had hoped it to be, the team never gave up hope and an excellent spirit and sportsmanship among both the students and team prevailed throughout the season.

Coached by "Snag" Sargent the team played eighteen games in all, and won exactly half of the number. This was not a bad showing as this is the second year we have been a member of the C. V. A. L.

We hope an equally good or better team will be available next year to fight for and conquer the supreme position in the athletic league.



M. ECKLEY



S. RUSH



R. CLARK



O. ZIGLER



V. NORTON



T. GARBER



R. DUVAL



C. GARBER



J. FLICKENGER



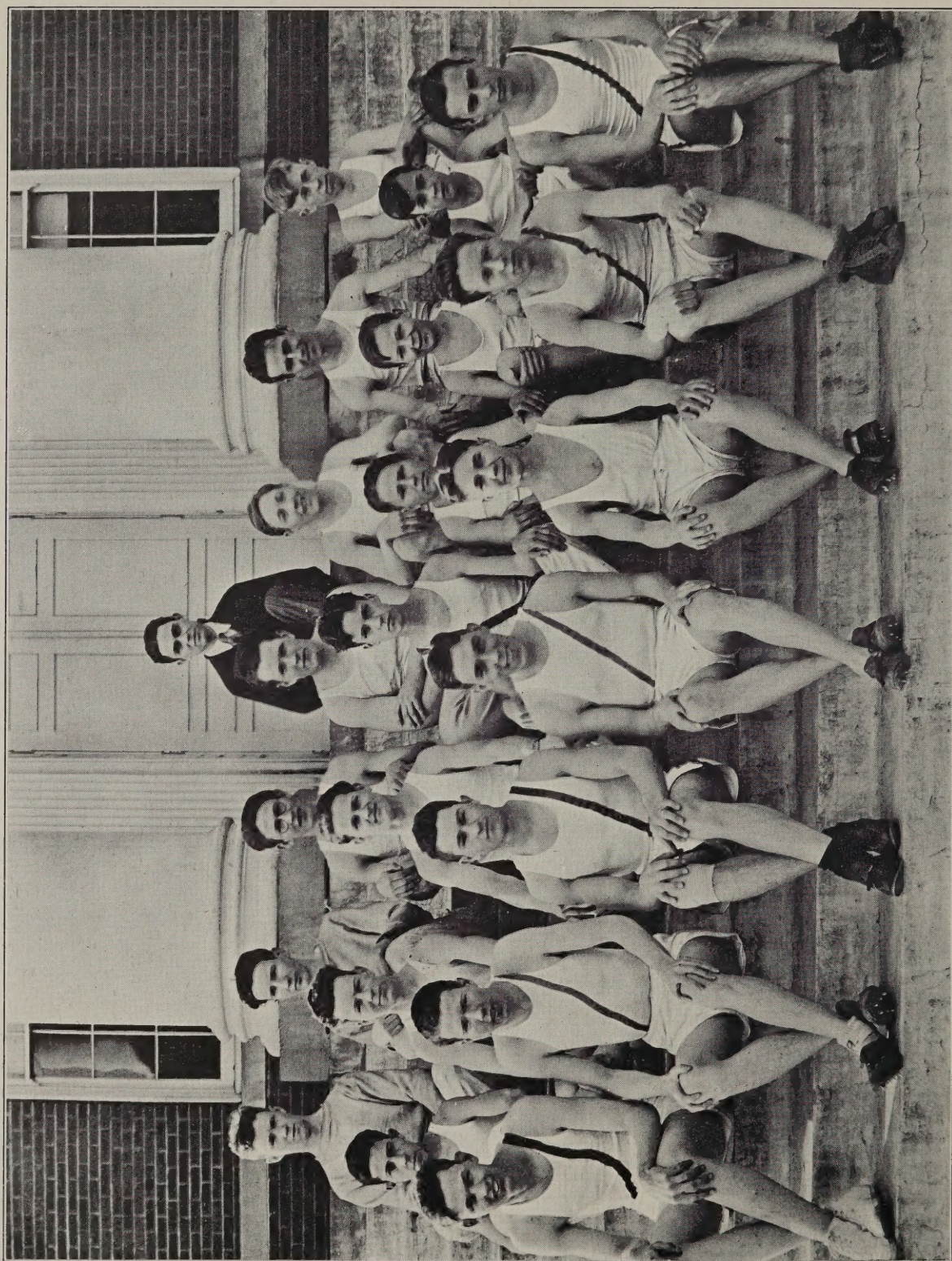
H. FRIES

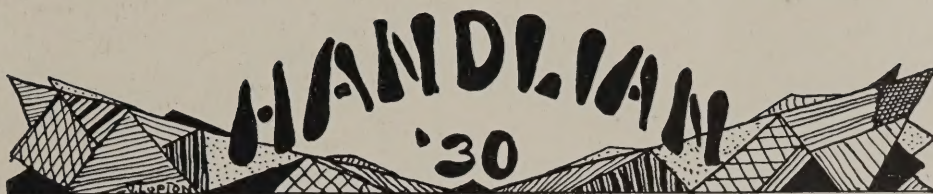
HANDLEY '30



SCHEDULE

	Opponents	Handley
12/17/'29—Boyce	18	17
12/19/'29—Middletown	18	41
1/ 9/'30—Middletown	17	45
1/10/'30—Charlestown	12	29
1/17/'30—Berkley Springs	20	26
1/23/'30—Charlestown	18	21
1/25/'30—Hagerstown	42	13
1/31/'30—Hagerstown	41	25
2/ 4/'30—R. M. A.	30	32
2/ 5/'30—Shepardstown	29	21
2/ 7/'30—Martinsburg	51	17
2/10/'30—R. M. A.	33	23
2/15/'30—Berkley Springs	20	17
2/10/'30—Shepardstown	23	27
2/21/'30—Waynesboro	57	19
2/27/'30—Boyce	24	32
2/28/'30—Waynesboro	27	21
3/ 3/'30—Martinsburg	63	25



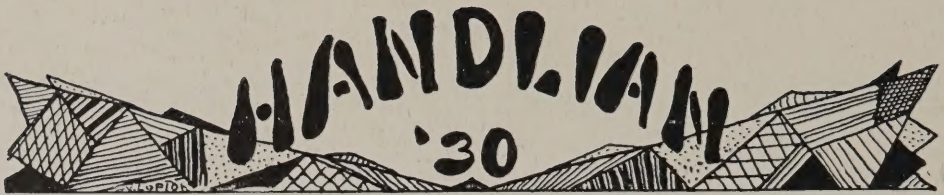


1929 TRACK REVIEW

The nineteen hundred twenty-nine track squad coached by "Snag" Sargent lost only two meets in the entire season. The team for the first time was entered in the Charlottesville state meet and took third place. This was an extremely good showing and it will be an important meet in the 1930 season. Handley also lost the C. V. A. L. meet to Martinsburg, but took second place.

A team composed of Sirbaugh, Kern, Flickinger, and Clevenger won first place in the annual Blacksburg meet, but no school records were broken.

Letter men who are eligible for the 1930 track team are Sirbaugh, captain, Fries, Huyett, Duvall. A strong team is expected in 1930 although many of the 1929 stars were graduated.



THE MONOGRAM CLUB

For five or six long years the Handley girls have hoped for a Monogram Club, and at last it has been realized.

This Club is composed of girls who have made an average of not less than "B" on Physical Education and have made a total of five hundred points in the four major sports, Volley Ball, Basketball, Baseball, and Track.

The main purpose of the Club is to promote interest in athletics.

Hathaway Fant
Margaret Henry
Alice Eagle
Betty Hirth
Vivian Hersberger
Mattie Clark
Virginia Lupton
Margaret Eutsler

HANDLHAM '30



VOLLEY BALL

ORANGE TEAM

MARGARET HENRY, *Captain*

SHAMROCK TEAM

VIRGINIA LUPTON, *Captain*



HANDLIDAY '30



BASKET BALL

ORANGE TEAM
HATHWAY FANT, *Captain*

SHAMROCK TEAM
BETTY HIRTH, *Captain*





GIRLS' BASEBALL

This year marks the beginning of intramural Girls' Baseball, between the Orange Jackets and the Shamrocks. Three games will be played.





STATIC



IN MEMORIAM



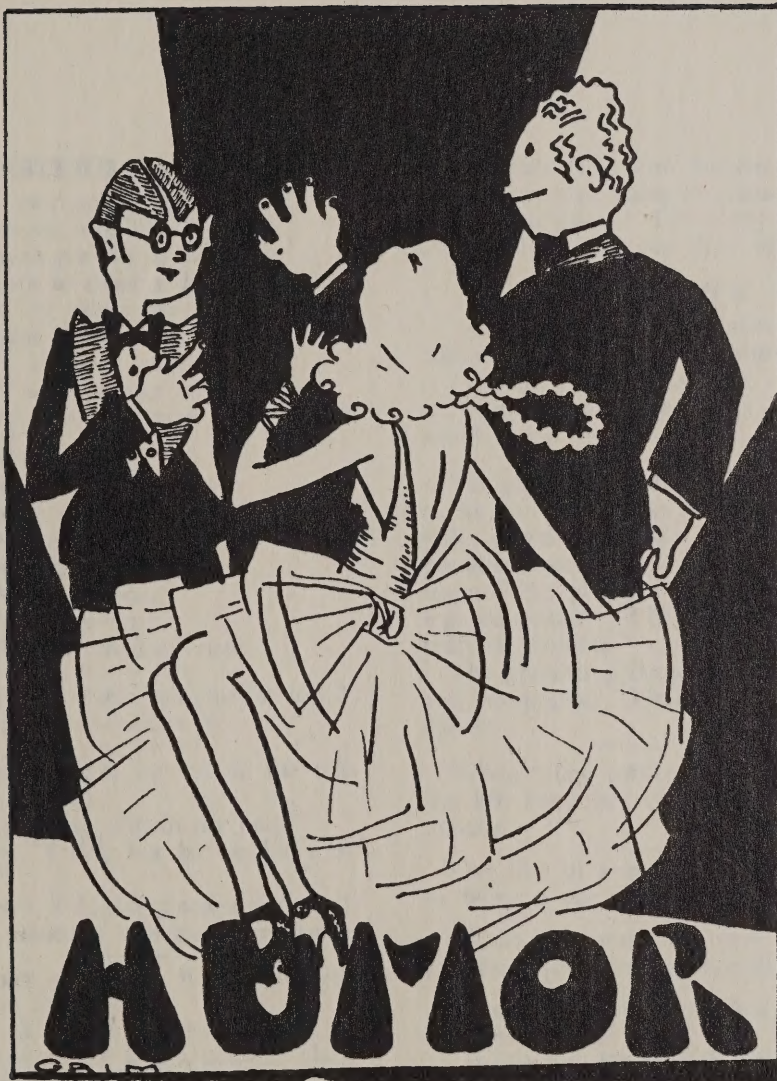
WHOOPEE!

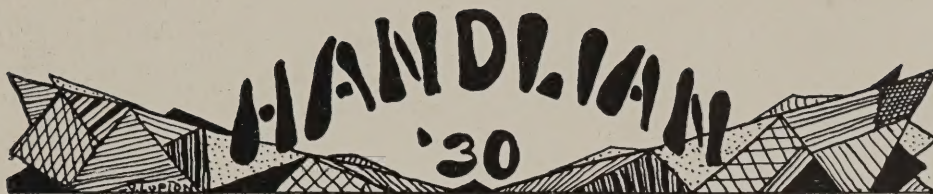


NO

PARKING







HUMOR

YESTERDAY—TODAY

Many a year ago to-day
A wilderness was here,
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to shoot a deer.
But now the times are changed some-
what
Are on a different plan
A "dear" with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man.

A little iron,
A cunning curl
A lot of rouge
A pretty girl
And then a rain—
Away she goes
A homely girl
With a freckled nose.

"Does your watch tell you the time?"
"No, I have to look at it."

Henry—"You're wanted on the tele-
phone."

Horace—"Say, I'm in my bath."

Henry—"I did, but he wouldn't be-
lieve it."

Horace—"I'd better answer it, then. It
must be someone who knows me well."

Manager—"How is it you are late
again this morning?"

Office Boy—"Well, you see there are
eight of us in the house, and the alarm
clock was only set for seven."

Out of my way, wretch—I'm riding
to the hounds.

Give us a lift—I'm going to the dogs
myself.

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I'm a writer."

"How thrilling! What do you write?"

"Insurance."

Mr. Hale (in recent hygiene lecture)
—"We are now going to examine a ter-
rible throat disease. Please pay strict at-
tention, as I want you all to get it."

HYDRAULICS

"A friend of mine fell asleep in the
bath tub with the water running."

"Did the tub overflow?"

"Nope, luckily he sleeps with his
mouth open."

The gentleman had sent for a plumber
to fix an upstairs tap. As he and his
wife started downstairs they met the
plumber coming up. The gentleman
stopped the plumber and said, "Before
I go downstairs I'd like to acquaint you
with the trouble."

The plumber politely removed his hat
and murmured, "Pleased to meet you
ma'am."

When found robbing the cash box in
the fish store be nonchalant—smoke a
herring.

Our idea of a man truly going down
in defeat is one with fallen arches.

"Have you heard the new bankrupt
song that goes: 'I owe everybody I owe?'"

"The botany professor asked me what
a mushroom was."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said it was a place for necking par-
ties."

SEE YOU SATURDAY

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Nov. 10

"Will I see you Thursday at Hand-
ley-Martinsburg game?"

Love,

Mary.

HANDLIER

'30

Winchester, Va.

Nov. 11

"Yes, watch for me playing on field."

Loving kisses,

Red (Bailey).

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Nov. 12

Congratulations on making team. Why didn't you tell me you were big athlete? I never would have guessed. Am thrilled, speechless. Just too marvelous. Wire me details. Dying to hear all about your success. Wire me number on your football suit so I can recognize you and yell. Do you play in the backfield or frontfield? Can hardly wait to see you make a touchdown.

Love and kisses,

Mary.

Winchester, Va.

Nov. 13

I play in the band.

Red.

Martinsburg, W. Va.

Nov. 14

Oh—

Mary.

Eckley—"Your dog bit me."

Kerlin—"He did not."

Eckley—"Prove it."

Kerlin—"First my dog has no teeth, second, he is not ferocious, third, he is particular whom he bites, fourth, I have no dog."

Willie Good—"Would you marry an ideal for the sake of his money?"

Gladys Sargent—"Oh, this is so sudden."

Waiter—"Are you Hungary?"

Fred Fries—"Yes, Siam."

Waiter—"Den Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

Fred Fries—"All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

Mr. Finley—"I believe in woman suffrage. I believe a woman has just as much right to suffer as a man."

ADVICE FOR GIRLS

1. Keep away from track men; they are usually fast.

2. Ne'er make dates with biology students; they enjoy cutting up too much.

3. The football man is all right; he will tackle anything.

4. You can trust a tank man; he will dive in and do his best.

5. The tennis man is harmless; but he enjoys a racket.

6. Watch out for the baseball man; he hits and runs.

7. Be careful of the dramatic members; they usually have several good lines.

8. Don't play cards with a civil engineer; he is a bridge specialist.

9. Always let the members of the band talk about themselves; they enjoy blowing their own horns.

Bill Grove—"What did your grandmother say when you were born?"

Doug Cather—"She said I was a grand child."

Miss Payne—"Why was George Washington like a piano?"

"Bat" Fries—"Because he was grand, upright, and square."

Wanted: A cottage by a gentleman with a big bay window.

Advertisement in Paper—Eskimo Spitz pups at \$10.00 a piece.

Va. Ann Huntsberry—"Why is Tucker so angry?"

The papers gave a full account of her wedding.

Selene Calvert—"Yes, but they put in that Miss McGuire was married to the well known collector of antiques."

HANDLIAN '30

Vivian Hershberger—"Don' you think this is a becoming frock?"

Hortense White—"Yes, it looks as if it will be coming off any minute."

Mr. Quarles—"Where have you been for the last four years?"

Harry Hammond—"At school taking medicine."

Mr. Quarles—"And did you finally get well?"

All the eggs in a high school are not on the school lunch menu.

Mr. Browning—"Give me a sentence with the word 'Mawkish' in it."

Albert Seal—"Give me just one more kiss."

He's so dumb he thinks football is a bunion.

Francis—"You look like a sensible girl. Let's get married."

Frances—"No, thank you. I'm as sensible as I look."

Many a man is compelled to keep his word because no one will take it.

How can you possibly cross the street at school when the cars keep coming along like this?

Carl Campbell had proposed. She had refused him.

"You are just a joke," Edith said.

"Well, can't you take a joke?" Carl asked.

They call him Cliff, he's a big bluff.

Harold—"If I'm the first man you've ever kissed, why are you so good at it?"

Hattie—"If I'm the first girl you've ever kissed, how do you know I am?"

What makes Bat Fries?

Ask Gladys, "Is Willie Good?"

Whose hair is Robert Kerlin?

Has Edward Koons?

What does Albert Seal?

Is Ned Browning in the oven?

Whom did Luther Hale?

Who saw Ada Glass Baker?

Why did Josephine Cooper in?

Why call Mary Ruth DeWitt?

Is Emily Light?

Was Carrie Wright in saying "no"?

Why did Hetty Turner around?

Why is Sylvia Grim?

How could Evelyn Barrett?

Where did Gladys Walker?

Let Margaret Bayliss out of jail.

Hammond—"Why do you call Koon's car Paul Revere?"

Lucas—"Oh, because of the midnight rides."

Catherine McVicar—"At last I've written something for the HANDLIAN which has been accepted."

Virginia Lupton—"What was it?"

C. McVicar—"A check for a subscription."

Now I lay me down to sleep

In my little bed,

If I should die before I wake

How will I know I'm dead?

"Go," said the landlady, "and never darken my bath tub again."

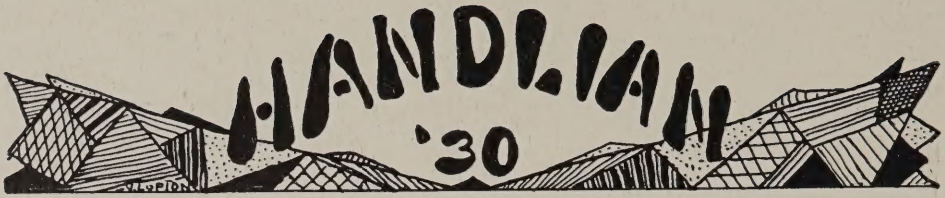
DEFEAT

"I'm afraid we'll never be able to raise it," the woman said, gazing sadly at her child. "Poor little tot." She sighed.

"But Alice," the man protested, "of course we'll raise it. I love that little chap. I tell you, we've got to be strong and put up a courageous fight, dear."

She shook her head despairingly. "I'm afraid there's no hope, George. I have a premonition that our efforts will prove futile."

Determination was stamped on his



face. "You don't know what you're saying, Alice. Nothing is impossible. We mustn't give up."

Ten minutes passed. The man stood with head bent in defeat.

"Alice," he said, "I guess you were right. This Pullman car is stuffy as the devil, and little Oscar is far too hot, but that window simply can't be raised."

Jim Shockey—"Last week I bought a tire cover from you, and now I want my money back."

Salesman—"Why?"

Jim—"I put it on one of my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blame thing wore out."

Bat Fries—"Talk about rating. Anne just let me have ten bucks."

Harold Lucas—"That's nothing—I've got a married woman sending me through school."

Bat—"Who is it?"

Lucas—"My mother."

Tid—"This pea soup is full of sugar."

Bit—"They probably made it out of sweet peas."

Doorman at Speakeasy — "Who's there?"

Voice—"It is I."

Doorman—"No school teachers allowed."

Dad—"Why are your grades so low since the holidays?"

Sonny—"You know everything is marked down after Christmas."

"Why are they building all the new prisons in the mountain?"

"The boys just can't be on the level."

"I just knocked my math final cold—"

"Really?"

"Yeah, below zero."

"Bill fell through the ice yesterday."

"Was he hurt?"

"Don't know; they haven't found him yet."

Worried—"Doctor, I'm afraid my goldfish has eczema."

Doctor (after an examination)—
"Don't worry, Mrs. Smith. It's only on a small scale."

Customer — "Chicken croquettes please."

Waiter—"Foul ball."

Mr. Hale—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Stanley Rush—"Who teaches it?"

"This is the last straw," cried the soda clerk.

About this time of year we start thinking about our approach shots. One of the best is, "Gee that's a swell moon, isn't it?"

"The neighbors are complaining again about my piccolo lessons. Some people seem to actually dislike music."

Skinny—"Do you believe marriages are made in Heaven?"

Minnie—"I think they must be. I'm nearly thirty-nine now."

Mr. Yates—"What are you studying?"

Bill Huyett—"Oh, I'm taking up Scotch, French, Spanish, etc."

Mr. Hale—"How do you manage it?"

Bill—"Just push a handle up and down."

Mr. Hale—"What are you talking about?"

Bill—"I run an elevator."

First—"Love makes the world go round."

Second—"Nuts."

First—"Well, ain't nuts round?"

HANDLMAN '30

"Auntie, why do you put powder on your face?"

"To make me pretty, dear."

"I nen why doesn't it?"

Skirt—"Did I ever show you the place where I hurt my hip?"

Trouser—"No."

Skirt—"All right, we'll drive over there."

"My shirt is just like yours."

"Nope, mine's clean."

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

"What's her name?"

"Astor."

"Ast'er yourself."

M. Eckley—"I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

Mr. Joliffe—"Justice, man, what you want is mercy."

"Why do you wear spats?"

"In memory of my first wife."

Mr. Legge—"This is Scotch Asparagus."

Miss Berry—"Why Scotch?"

Mr. Legge—"There aren't any tips."

"Holmes hung his stocking up Christmas Eve."

"What did he get?"

"A notice from the health department."

"Where are you working now?"

"Atlantic and Pacific."

"Oh, you're one of the chain gang."

Mr. Sargent—"Do you really think you can make me well, doctor?"

Doctor—"Without a doubt, your case is just my specialty. I've treated a patient for over twenty years who had exactly the same ailment"

Ruth Atwell—"Oh, Dennis, you English are too slow."

Dennis—"I'm afraid I don't grasp you."

Ruth—"Yes, that's just it."

FEATURE

George Hawse cracking unwisely.

Eddie Koons and *Elizabeth Hogan* doing a ballet dance.

Albert Seal with a "regular."

Winnie Clowser being dignified.

Selene Calvert boy-friendless.

Libbie Carpenter "falling" for anyone.

Ruthie without Tommy.

"*Margie*" without "*Sirbie*"—and the rest.

Cornelia Sutphin unsophisticated.

Esther McDonald "sassing" any teacher.

Edith without "*Campbell*".

Tucker not being the quintessence of originality.

A program in chapel.

Not singing "*Onward Christian Soldiers*".

Mr. Quarles being unreasonable.

Mr. Finley teaching kindergarten.

Mr. Browning and *Miss Silver* skipping down the hall.

Mr. Stickels teaching Phy. Ed.

All G. O. dues paid.

No gum chewers.

Gladys Sargent not talking.

Rosenberger—"Gosh, it was a narrow escape! The car turned two complete somersaults."

Harper—"Evidently it thought that one good turn deserved another."

Koons—"Why do elephants have such big trunks?"

Hawse—"They have to come all the way from India, stupid."

HANDLIDAY '30

Pupil—"Were you shocked in the war?"

Mr. Browning—"No, in Paris."

G. Patton—"My face' is my fortune."

Mary McQuary—"Are you badly in debt?"

Henry Barkley—"Would you like to know how to rate with me?"

Tucker McGuire—"Sure."

Henry—"Well e vapo rate."

Mr. Hale—"Can you name a star with a tail?"

Dick Norton—"Yes sir. Rin-Tin-Tin."

Mr. Parsons—"What is that stuff on my new car?"

Miss Nicol—"That's only a traffic jam."

Abie—"Do you play golf vit knickers?"

Levi—"No vit de white people."

Sylvia Grim—"Let's have some ginger ale."

Trenary—"Pale?"

Sylvia—"Oh, no just a glass will do."

Lucas—"Do you know, old fellow, that I've always had a wonderful ear for music?"

Bat Fries—"Is that so?"

Lucas—"Yes, at the age of two I used to play on the linoleum."

Richard Petrie—"What's a ten letter word meaning hold up?"

Red Kerlin—"I'll bite, what is it?"

Petrie—"Suspenders."

Customer—"I don't want to buy your crackers; they tell me the mice always run over them."

Grocer—"That's ain't so, why, the cat sleeps in the barrel every night."

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My apple like Eve's would mean

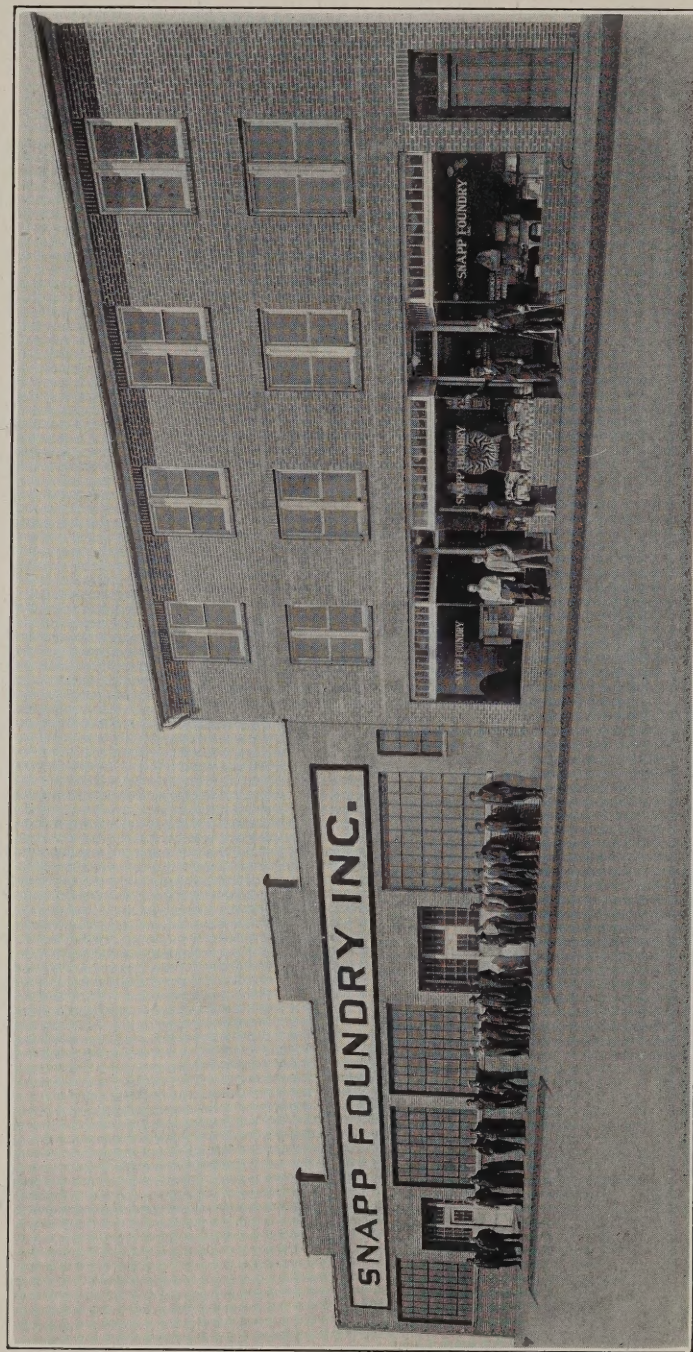
Paradise Lost;

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away"

So I'm off of apples, there's no other way.



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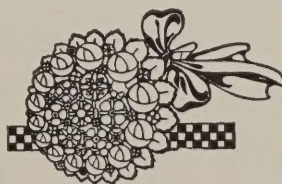
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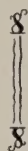
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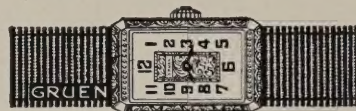
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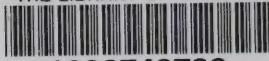
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